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AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.*

On a spring day of the year 1560, an excited crowd was assembled without the walls of a town of Touraine, which, although of small size and importance, had been the residence of several kings, and the birth and death place of Charles VIII. of France. Upon this occasion no regal pageant attracted the throng, nor was the gaze of the mob one of idle curiosity. Gratified hatred and savage exultation were legible on most of the faces there collected together; only a few countenances wore an expression of horror and pity; and fewer still were those whose contracted brows, compressed lips, and pallid cheeks, betrayed their suppressed grief and indignation. The sight that aroused these various emotions in the spectators was that of a row of human heads fixed upon the battlements of the fortress, and bearing horrible testimony to the power and cruelty of the house of Guise, then paramount in France. The vast plan of insurrection, known in history as the Conspiracy of Amboise, whose chief was Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and its object the overthrow and imprisonment of the haughty Balafré, and of his no less arrogant brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had been discovered and frustrated; and twelve hundred nobles and gentlemen, including much of the best Huguenot blood in the land, had expiated upon the scaffold their failure and offence. Francis II., a feeble and incapable prince, then occupied the throne, and the sword of Guise was virtually the sceptre of France.

Of those who contemplated, with ill-concealed fury, the horrible trophies of that bigoted and vindictive party which, twelve years later, rioted in the bloody saturnalia of St. Bartholomew, one of the most remarkable was a middle-aged man, of robust frame and martial aspect, whose dress was travel-stained, and who was accompanied by an intelligent-looking boy, ten years of age. Long did the old Huguenot soldier gaze, in mingled wrath and anguish, upon the blackening features of his former leaders and comrades, beneath whose banner, and by whose side, he had so often spurred to victory. At last his deep emotion found vent in words. "The assassins!" he exclaimed, "they have beheaded France!" Then, laying his hand upon the boy's head, and heedless of the lowering attention his exclamation had drawn upon him—"My son," he said, "you must not grudge your head, when mine shall

have fallen, to avenge those noble chiefs, so full of honor. My curse cleave to you, if you are miserly of your blood in that holy cause!" The exhortation was heartfelt, but imprudent. Murmurs were heard amongst the bystanders as the stranger's words passed from mouth to mouth, and a cry of "Down with the Huguenots!" arose in the crowd. For a moment the cause of this commotion seemed disposed to abide the gathering storm. His nostril expanded with defiance, and his hand sank down to seek the hilt of his trusty sword. But his eye fell upon his son, and, repressing the vengeful impulse, he turned and left the place, unimpeded by actual violence, but pursued by the vociferations of the mob. The soldier smiled scornfully at the hootings of the rabble. But upon the boy who clung to his side a deep and ineffaceable impression was made by the whole of that scene—by the severed and ghastly heads, by his father's passionate injunction, by the hoarse cries of the brutal populace. The day was an epoch in the life of Agrippa d'Aubigné. Then was confirmed in him a hatred, which ended but with his life, of the persecutors of his Protestant brethren, an attachment to his creed, which he ably vindicated both with his sword and pen, and to which he never hesitated to sacrifice the favor of kings and the brightest smiles of fortune.

The life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné was a grand romance, crowded with marvellous adventures and heroic traits. Brave as any real or fabulous hero of antiquity, he possessed qualities and acquirements that are to be found combined in few military heroes, whether of ancient or modern times. His failings were those of his century, whose virtues and vices were reflected, as in a mirror, in his active and turbulent career. Precocious in all things, at six years of age he read four languages. At that period, learning was confined to a few. The chiefs of the Huguenot party had a large share of what little was abroad. As to the Roman Catholic clergy and nobility, their ignorance would be incredible were it less well attested. In the very same year in which we find d'Aubigné (already a learned linguist, and the translator of Plato's Criton) proceeding to Paris with his father to complete his studies, Jean de Montluc, himself a bishop, denounced before the king's council the gross ignorance of the dignitaries of the church. "Bishoprics," he said, "are now given to children and to ignorant persons, having neither knowledge nor will to fulfil their duties. Cardinals and bishops have not hesitated to bestow benefices on their house stewards, and even on their valets-de-chambre, cooks, barbers, and lackeys. The same priests,

* *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon, et des Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc DE NOAILLES. Paris: 1848.

by their avarice, ignorance and dissolute life, have made themselves universally odious and contemptible."* "A cook-maid of our times," says Dulaure, in his *History of Paris*, "would blush to write French with such gross orthographical errors as are to be found in a letter written by the Duke of Guise to M. de Connor, after the capture of some fortifications at Orleans."† A marshal of France, the Count de Brissac, could barely sign his name; and the constable Anne de Montmorency, by birth, station and wealth, one of the first men in France, could neither read nor write, and signed with his mark. In 1573, when the Polish envoys went to Paris to offer the crown of their country to the Duke of Anjou, it was found necessary to send to Auvergne for a nobleman who could converse with them in Latin, they not understanding French. In so ignorant an age, young d'Aubigné's unusual acquirements could not fail to give him prominence, even though they had not been combined with rare probity, dauntless bravery, and a daring frankness, that more than once embroiled him with his superiors. His fortitude and stanchness revealed themselves at a very early age. Soon after his arrival at Paris, he and his preceptor were arrested on a charge of heresy, and their guards told him that he and all his band would be condemned to the stake. "My horror of the mass," replied the intrepid child, "is far greater than my fear of the flames." He was eighteen years old at the outbreak of the third civil war between the Catholics and Protestants. His father was dead, and his guardian opposed his taking arms, kept him a prisoner, and at night removed his clothes, lest he should escape. But the scene at Amboise, and his father's injunction, were vivid in the young Huguenot's memory; combined with religious fanaticism, and a warlike temper, they drove him with irresistible force to the battlefield. A company of men-at-arms were to leave the town for a Huguenot rendezvous, and some of his companions, who had joined them, promised to fire a shot as warning of their departure. On hearing the signal, d'Aubigné let himself down from his window by the aid of the sheets, scaled two walls, narrowly missed jumping into a well, and, with his shirt for sole covering, overtook his friends, who were already on the march, and who wondered greatly to see a naked man pursuing and calling to them, and crying out because his feet were tortured and bleeding from the stones. The captain of the band, after scolding him and threatening to make him return home, took him on his horse and gave him his cloak to sit upon, because the buckle of the crupper lacerated his skin. A league further on, they fell in with a troop of Papists making for Angoulême,

who were routed after a slight skirmish, in which the breechless volunteer obtained an arquebuss and some indifferent equipments, but refused to take clothes, notwithstanding his need and his comrades' advice. Thus he reached the rendezvous at Jonsac, still in his shirt; and there, some officers having dressed and armed him, he wrote at the end of his receipt for these advances: "Upon condition that I shall never tax the war with having despoiled me, since I cannot return from it in more piteous plight than I joined it."

At Xaintes, the general rendezvous, M. de Mirebeau, governor of the province, would have sent him home, first by remonstrance and then by menace. But d'Aubigné was indocile; and abruptly quitting de Mirebeau and his captain, who would have put him under arrest, he broke through the company, fled, and checking with the sword's point a cousin of his own, who pressed him hard, he reached the quarters of another captain, named Asnières, whom he knew to be on bad terms with de Mirebeau; and the next day, a scuffle occurring between their respective followers, he was foremost in the fray, and nearly killed his cousin. He shared in all the actions of that war, excepting in the battle of Moncontour; at which time, however, as he himself tells us in his *Memoirs*, he was as dangerously employed; for "being," he says, "in his native province of Xaintonge, he was surprised at night in a village, escaped—as did only four others out of eighty that composed the party—crossed the Dronne by forcing a peasant, who came to kill him, to show him the ford; passed through Coutras, and having encountered on the quay several arquebuss-men, who began to blow their matches, threw himself unhesitatingly into the river, and swam across it with his horse, peppered the while by the bullets." He now found that a stranger had got possession of his paternal estate, sustaining to his face that he had been killed at the combat of Savignac. Sick and suffering, treated as an impostor, denied by his tenants, renounced by his maternal relatives, who hated him for his religion, he reached Orleans with difficulty, obtained leave from the judges to plead his own cause, and did it with such eloquence and pathos that the tribunal rose as one man, indignant against his opponents, and, exclaiming that none but the son of d'Aubigné could speak thus, reinstated him in his rights.

Such were the sufferings, perils, and adventures for which, at the age of twenty, Agrippa d'Aubigné was already distinguished. "The narrative of such a life," says M. de Noailles, "is the history of a whole epoch. It is the living picture of the state in which France then was. Every man had to guard his own life; on all sides were seen strong castles supplied with military stores and prepared for war, and armed bands spreading terror abroad. There was no travelling but with pistol in hand and sword loose in the scabbard; at each moment one was exposed to fall in with a party of enemies. Some fought in their own quarrel; others enrolled themselves in the innu-

* *Mémoires de Condé*, i. 569.

† The following is an extract from this curious epistle: "Mon bon homme, je me mange les doigts de penser que si j'eusse heu vi. guanois pour en tirer 2 mille coups, ceste ville étoit à nous. Ils n'avoient qu'un seul parapet qui vaille. Ils n'ont pas quatre cans soldas bons. Je ne puis fere mieux que de essayer de gagner le pont, qui couppent; ce qui m'est mallezé," &c.

merable expeditions which every little chieftain organized after his own fashion. The life of d'Aubigné is full of such adventures." After narrowly escaping the fatal night of the 24th August, 1572—having left Paris, in consequence of a duel, three days previous to the massacre—he was recommended the following year to Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, by an officer of that prince's household, as "a determined man, for whom nothing was too hot or too cold, and who was as firm in council as bold in execution." This recommendation took d'Aubigné to court, and, soon afterwards, at the earnest entreaty of Henry, who had outwardly abjured Protestantism, he accompanied, although with great reluctance, an expedition against the Huguenots of Normandy. Instead of serving the Roman Catholic cause, however, he did his utmost, but in vain, to rescue the Count of Montgomery—the accidental slayer of Henry II.—then besieged in Domfront. His design came to the ears of Catherine de Medicis, who afterwards taxed him with it under very remarkable circumstances. For when that odious assassin of his Protestant subjects, Charles IX., had just given up the ghost, bathed in a sweat of blood, and poisoned, it is said, by his own mother, d'Aubigné, desirous to ascertain his decease, and perhaps also to feast his eyes with the sight of this dead enemy of his faith, penetrated into the king's chamber, and there met Catherine, who threatened him, reproaching him with his endeavors to save Montgomery, and telling him he would resemble his father; whereunto d'Aubigné boldly replied—"God grant it!" In disgust, and to avoid the anger of the vindictive Florentine, he would then have withdrawn altogether from the court, but was dissuaded by his friend Fervacques, a Catholic gentleman attached to Henry IV., and only left it temporarily for a short campaign in Germany. At court he was a great favorite for his wit and skill in composing poetry and plays, and arranging *ballets*, masquerades, and other diversions. He was noted for his gasconades, a propensity which in him was united with the most headlong valor. "Various quarrels," he says in his *Memoirs*, where he speaks of himself in the third person—"an attack that he and three others made on thirty *badauds*, (Parisian cockneys,) most of them armed with halberds, who took to flight; another on the guards of the Marshal de Montmorency, who besieged Fervacques in the hostelry of the Chapeau-Rouge; another to rescue the children of the Marquis of Trans, pursued by a great number of archers; another, in which he and Fervacques, attended by a page and some grooms, were wantonly assailed by thirteen fellows armed in mail, and both wounded; these and other combats, on foot and on horseback, in company with the brave Bussy,* gave him so great a reputation, that this cavalier conceived a friend-

ship for him—after seeing him serve as second to the said Fervacques against himself—and one day induced him, by a stroke of folly, with some nobles of the court, to enter the city guard-house sword in hand, where he was hard pressed and disarmed, but nevertheless recovered his weapon and escaped." Such were the recreations with which the young gentlemen of that day filled up the intervals between frequently-recurring wars. Peril was their element, battle their pastime. In such men as Bussy, d'Aubigné, and Fervacques, modern romance writers have found the models (and have overdrawn them less than might be supposed) of those valiant adventurers and soldiers of fortune, whose skill of fence, strength of arm, and contempt of death, render them a match for a host of ordinary combatants. D'Aubigné, however, was too earnest a spirit to waste his life in street brawls and court diversions. It was with the dagger of St. Bartholomew suspended over his head that Henry IV. had abjured the Reformed religion; and in February, 1576, he fled to La Rochelle, and again publicly professed it. D'Aubigné, one of four who instigated and arranged this flight, then visited Languedoc, Normandy, and several other provinces, to encourage and rouse the Huguenots to take arms. On his return from this dangerous mission, Henry, whose good qualities did not include generosity, presented him with his portrait, beneath which d'Aubigné dissatisfied with the unsubstantial reward, wrote the following epigram:—

Ce prince est d'étrange nature
Je ne sais qui diable l'a fait :
Ceux qui le servent en effet,
Il les récompense en peinture.

From this time his favor declined, until he lost the good graces of the King of Navarre—partly, according to his own account, by his freedom of speech and bold replies, partly in consequence of Catherine of Medicis' intrigues, and partly by refusing to serve Henry in one of his numerous love affairs. He withdrew from court, leaving a farewell letter for his ungrateful master. "Sire," he said, "your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my services, and twelve wounds upon my body; it will remind you of your prison, and that the hand which now writes to you broke its bars, and has remained pure whilst serving you, unfilled by your benefactions, and exempt from corruption, whether proceeding from your enemies or from yourself." Repeatedly recalled by Henry, who knew the worth of his blunt but honest counsellor, d'Aubigné obstinately refused to return, until, as he himself tells us, "the malcontent, learning one day that his master, who had been informed of his enterprise against Limoges, and believed him to have been taken prisoner there, had put aside some of the queen's jewels to pay his ransom; and then, being falsely informed of his death, had testified great grief, he was touched and resolved to return to his service." These quarrels and reconciliations were frequently renewed. At one time, d'Aubigné was about to

* Bussy d'Amboise, one of the lovers of Queen Margaret of Navarre, "of invincible courage," says l'Etoile, "and a hasty temper, proud and audacious, brave as his sword, but vicious and slightly fearing God."

take service under a German Protestant prince ; but he fell in love, married, and remained in France, where he continued his adventurous life and feats of extraordinary prowess. "No one," says M. de Noailles, "represents better than he the exuberant and energetic vitality that animated the sixteenth century ; writer, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, controversialist, when necessary, he constantly quitted the sword for the pen ; and was, at the same time, the type of those rough Huguenot gentlemen—proud, independent, inflexible in their faith and in their hatred of Papacy ; always with helmet on head and blade in hand.

* * * Honest, devoted, ardently attached to his religion, keen-witted and accomplished, energetic and impassioned ; on the other hand, he was a braggart, almost always dissatisfied, satirical and insolent of speech, and he called his master ungrateful." This his master unquestionably was, although his poverty may be taken as a palliation. "My friend," wrote Henry IV. to Sully, "my shirts are all torn, my doublet is out at elbows, my larder is often bare, and I dine where I can." But Henry, like a Gascon as he was, had a habit of promising much more than he could perform, and this bred discontent amongst his followers, whose murmurs, however, made little impression on the good-humored sovereign. "La Force," said d'Aubigné one night to a fellow-courtier, as they lay in bed in a closet adjoining the king's bed-room—"La Force, our master is a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface." "What say you, d'Aubigné?" inquired La Force, who was half asleep. "He says," cried the king, who heard every word, "that I am a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface," at which d'Aubigné was somewhat confused. He tells the story himself, and says that his master made no difference in his manner to him the next day ; but neither, he adds, did he give him a livre the more.

It was great grief to d'Aubigné when Henry, after his succession to the crown of France, once more abjured the Protestant faith ; and, from that time forward, he was much less about his person. A report having got abroad that he had lost the king's favor, he repaired, in 1595, to the siege of La Fère. "On arriving, he went straight to the house of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and remained for more than two hours with Henry and his mistress. It was in this conversation that Henry, having shown him a wound on his lip, inflicted by the dagger of Jean Châtel, who had attempted to assassinate him, d'Aubigné made that memorable reply, which was afterwards repeated throughout France—'Sire, you have as yet renounced God but with your lips, and He has contented himself with piercing them ; if you one day renounce him with your heart, he will pierce your heart.' Too bold a speech of a subject to his king, says l'Estoile, and even criminal and capital in any other than d'Aubigné, to whom his majesty, for the much that he loved him, gave entire liberty of

speech, taking nothing he said in bad part." D'Aubigné, it has been shown, was not one to whom such license could be accorded with impunity. His tongue was as sharp, and almost as formidable a weapon, as his sword. At a celebrated religious conference which took place in the year 1600, in presence of Henry IV. and his court, between the Bishop of Evreux, on the part of the Catholics, and Duplessis Mornay, on that of the Protestants, d'Aubigné supported the latter ; "and his arguments," he says, "put the prelate in so great embarrassment, that great drops of water fell from his forehead upon a manuscript of Chrysostom, and were remarked by all the assembly." This was two years after the edict of Nantes, which secured protection and liberty of worship to those of the Reformed faith. The period that elapsed between Henry's accession, and the date when he deemed it fitting and practicable to publish that edict, was agitated by the manœuvres and active political opposition of the Huguenot chiefs, amongst whom d'Aubigné was prominent. Personally attached though he was to Henry, he bitterly blamed and inveighed against the renegade king, sparing him not in his addresses to the synods and congregations, and even urging these to take arms against him. Henry was well informed of his proceedings, even to the satirical and indignant words in which his former adherent inveighed against his change of religion, which proceeded, he said, "not from ignorance, or want of knowledge of the truth, but from pure ambition, and from desire of greater liberty to indulge in pleasures and worldly delights." But between those two great men—that able sovereign, and that stern and heroic Protestant chief—there existed a friendship which circumstances might cloud, but could never destroy. It is, indeed, most interesting to trace the frequent struggles in the soul of d'Aubigné, between his love and loyalty to his royal friend and master, and his deep attachment to his religion. Henry, a subtle politician, steered his devious course amidst the great conflicting interests of the age, often bending lest he should be broken. D'Aubigné, a fearless soldier of the faith, and tinged with fanaticism, would admit of no compromise ; and was irritated, almost to madness, at each fresh appearance of temporizing or vacillation on the part of the king. "When the death of the Duke of Alençon rendered the King of Navarre presumptive heir to the crown of France, and the League, throwing off the mask, declared itself both against Henry III.—accused of sacrificing the Catholic religion—and against Henry of Béarn, who threatened to give France a Protestant king—d'Aubigné was everywhere, raised several companies, defended Poitou, was left for dead at the enterprise of Angers, took the island of Oléron, and was made prisoner for a moment, at Brouage ; but, as the King of Navarre restored Oléron to the Catholics, d'Aubigné again retired, furious, and was for bidding an eternal farewell to his master : he even set himself to study books of controversy, to see, he said, if he

could find some shadow of salvation in Rome." It did great honor both to Henry and to his plain-spoken friend, that, when the Huguenot opposition was weakened by the death and defection of its leading members, and, still more, by the leniency and toleration they enjoyed, and d'Aubigné was about to leave the country, he received a letter from the king urging him to go to court, and promising him a good reception. He passed two months there without exchanging a word with Henry on the subject of past dissensions; until at last, one day that they were walking together, the king broached the question, and some discourse ensued between them, which ended by Henry's saying—"I have greater confidence in you, d'Aubigné, than in those who have played a double game," and then embraced and dismissed him. "But d'Aubigné, returning to the king, said, 'Sire, when I look you in the face, my old liberty and boldness of speech returns to me; unbutton three buttons of your doublet, and do me the grace to say how you could come to hate me.' Then that prince, growing pale, as was his wont when moved by affection, replied, 'You were too attached to La Trémoille, (a Huguenot chief, then dead.) I hated him, you know, and yet you declared for him.' 'Sire,' replied d'Aubigné, 'I was brought up at your majesty's feet, and there I early learned not to abandon persons afflicted and oppressed by a superior power. Approve this apprenticeship of virtue which I served with you.' This reply was followed by a second embrace and adieu." After Henry's death, d'Aubigné was again involved in Protestant insurrections, but finally retired to St. Jean d'Angely, and occupied himself with literature, revising and completing his works, and publishing, in 1616, his most important book, the *Universal History* of his times, which was burned by order of the parliament, "as containing many things against the state, and against the honor of kings, queens, and other nobles of the kingdom." In 1620, after Louis the Thirteenth's short campaign against the Huguenots, Poitou being full of the royal troops, he deemed himself unsafe there, and escorted by twelve well-armed cavaliers, and lightly bearing the weight of his seventy summers, he reached Geneva through many perils and fatigues, and was there received with great honor as the old and valiant champion of the Protestant church. His mental and bodily activity were still unimpaired; he was chosen president of the council of war, fortified Geneva and Berne, carried on negotiations with various Protestant princes, and was condemned to death in France, "the fourth similar judgment," he says, "rendered against me, and which has done me honor and pleasure." At the age of seventy-three he married a second wife, and had completed his eightieth year when he died surrounded by friends, and lamented by all good men. His death was as calm and happy as his life had been turbulent and agitated.

How troubled would have been the dying hour of this brave old Huguenot warrior could he have

foreseen that, fifty-five years later, his grandchild, the daughter of his son, would countenance, if she did not instigate, the cruel persecution of the religion he had so steadfastly adhered to and defended! The date of the secret marriage of Louis the XIV. and Françoise d'Aubigné agrees, as nearly as it can be ascertained, with that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A striking coincidence! for it is hard to believe that the influence and seduction which could bring one of the proudest kings who ever sat on a throne to wed the widow of the jester Scarron, in opposition to urgent advice and entreaties,* might not have been efficaciously exerted in behalf of the suffering and persecuted Huguenots. It had been a graceful act of the elderly Egeria of the fourteenth Louis, to have extended the shield of protection over the descendants of those who had fought for their faith by the side of her valiant grandsire.

Agrippa d'Aubigné was unfortunate in his eldest son. The heir to his name and honors, notwithstanding the great care taken of his education, was a profligate from his youth, a rebellious son, a renegade to his religion, a traitor to his party. After repeatedly pardoning him, his father, indignant at a crowning act of perfidy, disinherited and cursed him. The parent could forgive offences against himself, and had more than once welcomed back and confided in the prodigal, when he professed to revert to the Reformed church; but the Huguenot chief sternly refused to pardon the double traitor who revealed to the Roman Catholic government of France the plans of England for the relief of La Rochelle, when that Huguenot stronghold was beleaguered by Cardinal Richelieu in

* "The king," says the Abbé de Choisy, "confided one day his intended marriage to M. de Louvois, as a thing which was not yet quite decided upon, and which he was fully determined never to declare, and asked his opinion. Louvois had never had the least idea of such a thing. 'Ah! sire,' he exclaimed, 'does your majesty really mean what you now tell me? The greatest king in the world marry the widow Scarron! Do you wish to dishonor yourself?' He threw himself at the king's feet, and burst into tears. 'Pardon me, sire, the liberty I take; strip me of my offices, put me in prison—so at least I shall not witness this indignity.' The king replied: 'Rise; are you mad, have you lost your senses?' Louvois arose, and left the room without knowing whether his remonstrances had taken effect; but the next day he thought he saw, in the embarrassed and ceremonious manner of Madame de Maintenon, that the king had been so weak as to tell her what had passed; and from that moment he perceived that she was his mortal enemy. The secret marriage took place some time afterwards; M. de Louvois was not summoned to it." M. de Noailles, a fervent partisan and admirer of Madame de Maintenon, declares her hostility to Louvois to have existed only in that minister's imagination. St. Simon, in his *Memoirs*, and Duclos, in his *Memoires Secrets*, give the scene between the king and Louvois as occurring subsequently to the marriage, and as having reference to its declaration. M. de Noailles scouts the statement; Madame de Maintenon, according to him, was so utterly devoid of ambition, that she would have been shocked at the idea of becoming Queen of France. Amidst the mass of conflicting evidence handed down by an age prolific in memoirs, posterity will probably always remain divided as to the real merits and aims of that extraordinary woman. We cannot but think that, in his zeal to exalt her virtues, her most recent biographer is too apt unceremoniously to put out of court, as unworthy, the assertions and opinions of unfavorable witnesses.

1027. The crime of the son was deemed a merit in the subject. Constant d'Aubigné, now a declared Catholic, and apparently devoted to the court, received an appointment about the person of Louis XIII., had a confiscated barony restored to him, and contracted an honorable marriage. But treachery was his element. He was detected in correspondence with English agents, and was imprisoned at Bordeaux, and afterwards at Niort in Poitou, in which latter place of confinement was born, on the 27th Nov., 1635, his daughter Françoise, celebrated in history under the name of Madame de Maintenon. Two or three years later, his wife's exertions having obtained his liberation, he sailed with his family to seek his fortune in Martinique. There he acquired considerable property, lost it again at the gaming-table, and died, holding a small military office, barely sufficient to enable him to live. At his death, Madame d'Aubigné returned to France with her children. Françoise was then nine or ten years old. Already, according to some of her numerous biographers, she had had marvellous adventures, and had narrowly escaped being devoured by a serpent, carried off by pirates, and thrown overboard for dead. But no perils that her childhood may have passed can have equalled in strangeness the vicissitudes of her after life.

Once more in France, Madame d'Aubigné, reduced almost to penury, supported her misfortunes with courage, and busied herself with her daughter's education. Compelled, however, to revisit Martinique, she left Françoise in charge of her sister-in-law, Madame de Vilette, who brought up the child in the Reformed religion: wherefore she was taken from her by an order of the government, and placed under the care of another relation, Madame de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, who spared no pains to instruct her in the Romish faith. "At first gentleness and caresses were tried as means of conversion; then it was attempted to subdue her by harshness and humiliation: she was left with the servants, and employed in the most menial offices. 'I commanded in the poultry-yard,' she afterwards said, 'and it was there my reign commenced.' Every morning, a mask on her face to preserve her complexion, a straw-hat upon her head, a switch in her hand, and a little basket upon her arm, she was sent to take care of the turkeys, strictly forbidden to touch the basket till she had got by heart five verses of the Pibrae." She was subsequently sent to an Ursuline convent, and there, by kind treatment, was induced to abjure Calvinism. Her mother's death, and that of Madame de Vilette, again left her without other resources but the charity of Madame de Neuillant, which was very scanty, avarice being that pious lady's most prominent characteristic. In her house, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had to endure innumerable privations and vexations; but she was rescued from seclusion by the vanity of her parsimonious benefactress, who found her own importance in society increased by the association of a young and beautiful girl—for beauty she

unquestionably possessed, although such is not the popular notion. The error is accounted for by M. de Noailles. "Unfortunately for Madame de Maintenon," he says, "it is only at too ripe an age that her elevation attracts our gaze. We know her only as an old woman; we always picture her to ourselves in her fillemot dress and coif, devout and severe; ruling the court which had become as serious as herself, and supporting, besides the weight of years, her own *ennui* and the king's. Her best-known portrait, taken at the age of sixty—the one in which she was painted by Mignard in the character of St. Francis—has an expression of nobility and dignity, but, at the same time, of sadness and melancholy, which contributes to fix her in our imagination under that aspect. For us, no lingering reflection of youth softens upon her countenance the wrinkles of advanced age. She should have been known young. Happy those whose likeness is handed down to posterity as an image of grace and beauty; for them posterity is more indulgent. * * An oval face, chestnut hair, a complexion fair almost to pallor, black eyebrows and long lashes, dark eyes, at once soft and sparkling, regular and delicate features, a graceful and intelligent physiognomy, an elegant and noble carriage of the head, and very handsome shoulders, rendered her a person of rare distinction and of an uncommon style of beauty; it is thus that she is represented in the enamel by Petitot, preserved at the Louvre, (an engraving from which is prefixed to M. de Noailles' work,) and in the portrait which Scarron had taken of her, at the same period, by Mignard." She was then four-and-twenty. It was nine years previously that Madame de Neuillant, who sometimes assisted at Scarron's conversaziones, introduced her to the gay and accomplished, but mixed society, which was wont to assemble at the house of the witty, eccentric, and good-hearted cripple. "She was already handsome, but timid, and embarrassed by her provincial-looking dress and by her gown, which was too short, and on her entrance she began to cry. Her youth and confusion touched everybody, but especially Scarron." About two years afterwards, her mother having died in the interval, he married her. If he had been attracted at first sight by her beauty, he was still more charmed by the wit, good taste, and good sense, which he soon afterwards discovered in her. In short, he fell in love, although the cynic could not help sneering at himself—as he sat in his easy-chair, crippled in every limb, and bearing, as he himself said, "no bad resemblance to the letter Z"—for daring to entertain such a sentiment. Influenced by this feeling, and by the compassion with which her forlorn condition inspired him, he offered her his hand. "I preferred him to a convent," was her reply to those who expressed surprise at her acceptance of so strange a suitor.

The history of Madame de Maintenon is so well known, so many distinguished writers have busied themselves directly or incidentally with her biography, that a mere outline of her career would tell

nothing that is new to anybody. Even M. de Noailles, whose voluminous work might naturally be supposed to contain novel particulars—as it certainly contains original views—of a subject that is rather hackneyed, thinks proper to prelude by an apologetic explanation. Whilst preparing a new edition of Madame de Maintenon's letters, he proposed prefixing to it a tolerably extensive notice of her life. Led away by the interest of the subject, and the importance of the period, his memoir imperceptibly grew into two copious volumes, which he was induced to publish in an independent form, and which he considers to compose a tolerably complete history of the reign of Louis XIV. Viewed in this light, the part where the work is most defective is the military history of that remarkable reign. That is compressed into a short chapter, whilst a third of the whole work is occupied with a discussion of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the causes that led to it, and of the degree of blame to be attached to Louis, with a vindication of Madame de Maintenon from stimulating the persecution of the Huguenots, and an endeavor to prove that it was wholly out of her power to prevent it. All these points are settled by M. de Noailles in a manner which he deems perfectly conclusive. For the justification of his heroine, he especially cites her letters. "Above all," he says, "I have let Madame de Maintenon speak for herself. There is no historical personage concerning whom more falsehoods have been promulgated, and after all that has been said of her, the only way to know her is to read her correspondence. I have been careful, at each epoch and incident of her life, to let her explain and show her true sentiments. I have sought to make her history out of her letters." He supports this evidence, which alone might not carry conviction to all, by quotations from numerous contemporary writers, and by long and elaborate arguments of his own, sometimes more specious than convincing. He begins, after an able sketch of the social movement in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, by describing her married life with Scarron, and by repelling the calumnies levelled by St. Simon and others against her conduct as a young woman. A more trying and perilous position can scarcely be imagined than that of this beautiful girl of seventeen, exposed to the seductions and contaminations of the equivocal society that frequented the house of the paralytic wit, whose nurse she had become when she accepted the title of his wife. Whilst the Hotel Rambouillet, in the words of St. Simon, "was a sort of academy of wits of gallantry, virtue, and science, the rendezvous of all who were distinguished by quality and merit—a tribunal to which it was imperative to defer, and whose decisions had great weight in society," there existed in Paris another coterie, whose meetings, less select, were often far gayer than those of the more aristocratic and dignified assembly. "There too," says M. de Noailles, courtiers were to be seen, in company with Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, and

mingled with men of letters, but all those were *bon vivants* and gay companions. In the midst of this circle was enthroned a little man of grotesque countenance, deformed from illness, and constantly in pain, but always laughing and making all around him laugh. Of inexhaustible gayety, fertile in sallies, and full of wit, his reputation drew a crowd around his sick couch. This little man was Scarron; he is entitled to a place here not only from his personal celebrity, but also because his house was one of the principal meeting-places of that secondary society, which was not unconnected with the social transformation we speak of. When the *beaux esprits* of the Hotel Rambouillet assembled in the neighborhood of the Palais Cardinal, in the quarter of the Marais Scarron's drawing-room opened. In the one place, fine sentiment, refined conversation, romantic intrigues and brilliant but somewhat pretentious entertainments; in the other, gayety, joy, folly, suppers to which each guest contributed his dish, and where the language was as free as the thoughts.

Scarron, a clear-sighted appreciator of the failings and vices of himself and his boon companions, foretold, in cynical phrase, a speedy change in the retiring simplicity of the young girl who was to become the daily witness of their joyous meetings. For once he was mistaken. As Madame Scarron, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné exchanged her timidity for dignity, and curbed, instead of sharing, the license of her husband and his friends. "By her decent and modest manners," says Madame de Caylus in her *Souvenirs*, "this young person inspired so much respect, that none of the young men who frequented the house dared utter an ambiguous expression in her presence, and that one of them was heard to say—'If I had to take a liberty with the queen, or with Madame Scarron, I should not hesitate an instant; I would risk it rather with the queen.'" The becoming dignity that inspired this feeling of awe, was unmingled with that austerity which—we say it with all deference to M. de Noailles and her other eulogists—contributed to the gloom that overshadowed the latter years of the court of Louis XIV. Already the lately converted Calvinist showed herself rigid in the prescribed observances of her new creed. "In Lent time," says Mademoiselle de Caylus, "she would eat a herring at one end of the table, and then retire to her chamber." This, however, the same writer remarks, was part of a necessary system, adopted out of regard to her reputation, and to check the forwardness of those who habitually surrounded her. Scarron, jovial and easy, took no offence that his friends brought to his table the materials of a feast. Once the Count de Lude did this rather unexpectedly; Scarron shared the repast, but his wife betook herself to her apartment. Her amiability, and the charm of her conversation, destroyed the sting of these tacit reproofs, without neutralizing their wholesome effect. She was generally liked, not only by men, but by her own sex. When the nieces of Cardinal

Mazarin were sent to Brouage on a party of pleasure, planned to remove one of them from the vicinity of the young king, who had fallen in love with her, they were most urgent that Madame Scarron should accompany them. Her poverty prevented her. Scarron was not fortunate. A lawsuit lost him the chief part of his income; a satirical couplet, levelled at Mazarin, cost him a pension; and, although he humbly retracted the lampoon, the avaricious cardinal would not restore the allowance. Notwithstanding these reverses, the last years of Scarron's life were probably the happiest. "I am not surprised," Queen Christina of Sweden said to him, when she had seen his wife, "that with the most amiable woman in Paris by your side, you are, notwithstanding your sufferings, the most cheerful man." It had long been a system with Scarron to conceal his suffering; it was his whim to play the philosopher, and to laugh and jest when writhing with the gout. But he had his hours of deep dejection and prostration, and these his watchful and affectionate wife soon detected. At the same time she saw that pity was intolerable to him, and that applause and admiration alone consoled him for his physical pains and degradation. She laughed at his sallies, she tended him as his nurse, she acted as his secretary—writing, at his dictation, his letters and books, and frequently prevailing with him to modify objectionable passages and coarse expressions.

The circumstance most likely to tarnish the reputation of Madame Scarron was her intimacy with Ninon de l'Enclos, who won her heart by her graceful and affectionate manners, and by the charm of her intercourse. Here we are forbidden to follow the common rule of judging persons by the company they keep. Neither can we apply the rigorous code of decorum now happily in force. We must endeavor to enter into the ideas and feelings prevalent in France two centuries ago, although, even then, this intimacy gave their greatest advantage to the enemies and calumniators of Madame Scarron. "Some persons," says M. de Noailles, "have difficulty in understanding how Madame Scarron's habits of piety and virtue could be reconciled with such an intimacy, which was believed, however, to be closer than it really was, the report having long been spread that she and Ninon were accustomed to share the same bed—a circumstance which at that time would have had nothing very strange. This friendship is explained by the part that Ninon played—so singular a one, that the great Condé, meeting her on the public promenade, did not hesitate to pay his respects to her, hat in hand, at the door of her carriage. It is explained also by Madame Scarron's position in her husband's house, where Ninon had long been a visitor, and by the easy morality of the period. * * * Ninon was then nearly forty, twenty years older than Madame Scarron. Her conduct was more restrained than in her youth, and, without being much more moral, it was externally more decent."

The extent of this comparative decency may

be judged of from the fact that Ninon was then living in the country with Villarceaux, her favorite lover, to the great grief of his young wife, who, with her infant daughter, dwelt in retirement at Paris, or at her mother's chateau. Villarceaux fell in love with Madame Scarron, and Ninon, who was desirous of transferring her favor to Coligny, assisted him in his pursuit of *la belle Indienne*, the name frequently given to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, from her childhood having been passed in the West Indies. Informed of the conspiracy against her virtue, Madame Scarron was about to quarrel with Ninon, but abstained upon reflection, and, in concert with the Abbé Têtu, arranged a plan to reclaim Villarceaux. The counter-plot was crowned with complete success. Villarceaux was inveigled into writing a letter, in which he declared he renounced forever the unworthy connection with Ninon. On repairing to a rendezvous accorded him by Madame Scarron, he found himself in presence of his wife, who thanked him with tears, and an effusion of tenderness, for the assurance of future fidelity he had spontaneously transmitted to her. She had received the letter intended for Madame Scarron. Touched by her affection, and by that of his little daughter, Villarceaux accepted with a good grace the part of a penitent husband thus skilfully imposed upon him, wrote a grateful letter to his fair deceiver, and was ever afterwards her attached friend. Madame de Genlis in her historical romance, or romantic history, of *Madame de Maintenon*, relates this incident in much detail, and with all the attraction of style for which the clever mistress of Egalité was distinguished. But at the best it has a Decameronian savor; and although the end attained was unquestionably laudable, it is impossible to reconcile with the notions of propriety of the present day the part played in the intrigue by a virtuous and beautiful woman of twenty. The chief imputations cast upon her by contemporaries have reference to this same Villarceaux, but subsequent to the death of Scarron. During his life, only one person, Gilles Boileau, dared, out of animosity to the husband, to defame the virtue of the wife. This he did in an epigram, which excited universal indignation, and a hint from a person of quality, that he might perhaps be repaid by cudgelling, induced him to retract the calumny. Ninon herself, who, it appears, was very anxious to see her otherwise, did unwilling homage to the strict correctness of her young friend's conduct; and Tallemant des Réaux, the scandalous chronicler of the day, who was apt enough to record as facts malicious and unfounded reports, casts no imputation upon her. St. Simon furiously attacks her conduct after the death of Scarron. This writer, deprived by his independent character of the favor of Louis XIV., scarcely attempts to dissemble his hatred of Madame de Maintenon, and of the king's legitimated bastards—and doubtless it frequently rendered him partial and unjust; but M. de Noailles goes too far in refusing all historical value to his Me-

moirs. "St. Simon," he says, "is a painter, a poet, an orator, anything you like, except an historian." And he devotes some pages to an attempt to destroy the credit of the author he thus condemns, as eagerly as though he had inherited the animosities of his ancestor, that Duc de Noailles whom Duclos shows as trembling with fury, when compelled by St. Simon's persistence to do justice to the town of Perigueux, cruelly oppressed by his friend Courson.* He successfully exposes certain weaknesses and blunders of St. Simon, but we doubt the success of his attempt wholly to put aside his *Memoirs*, as untrustworthy in all that relates to Madame de Maintenon, although St. Simon has certainly too lightly accepted calumnies respecting her, current at a period when he himself was as yet unborn. But controversies of this kind are now interesting to very few, except for the curious traits and details they bring forward, of times from which the present generation is separated by the magnitude and crowd of events, even more than by the lapse of years.

After Scarron's death, his widow was living in retirement in a little lodging of the Rue des Tournelles, occupied with books, and with such charitable works as her limited means allowed, when fortune sought her out. The post of governess to the king's children by Madame de Montespan was offered to her, and she accepted it, on condition that the appointment should come in the form of an order from Louis XIV. "She feared, perhaps, lest the clandestine education of children, who might never be recognized by their father, should place her in a false position in society, by which she was honored and cherished; and she would not have it said that she had sought it, or even, in some sort, voluntarily accepted it." It was a mixture of prudery and prudence, of care for her reputation, and regard for her interests, frequently observable in the course of her career, which dictated this stipulation. M. de Noailles admits that, besides the delicate motive above cited, she thought it safer to hold her appointment by the king's will, than at the caprice of his mistress. There was less chance of an affront, and a better one of a pension. As to her position, it was unavoidably equivocal in the eyes of the world—at least after a time, when, owing to the increased numbers of her charge, she went to reside in a large isolated house near Vaugirard, where she ceased to receive her friends, and occupied herself entirely with the children, her care of whom was most tender and maternal. Her sudden renunciation of society, her solitary life, and the king's visits, made the world talk, and reports even spread of her having supplanted Madame de Montespan. Gradually, however, the mystery was dissipated, and the true state of things became known. It was very soon after her installation in this retreat, according to Madame de Caylus, that she first began to occupy the king's thoughts. Madame de Montespan's eldest daughter having died, "Madame Scarron was as much

affected as the most tender mother could have been, and much more than was the real mother; whereupon the king said, 'She knows well how to love, and there would be pleasure in being beloved by her'—words which constitute an epoch in the intercourse of Madame de Maintenon and the king. It is thought that from that time the king was sensible to her attractions, and even that he testified as much to her." One of her letters to Madame de Coulanges, written at about that period, and quoted at length by M. de Noailles, fully confirms this opinion. This was in 1672. It was the commencement of a long attachment, full of romantic incidents and sentimental episodes—of quarrels with Madame de Montespan, and of moral relapses on the part of Louis, who, during the latter part of the time, was in the transition state from the character of the elegant profligate to that of the *ennuyé* bigot. Twelve or thirteen years later—in 1685, according to the most likely calculation—the king being forty-seven years old, and Madame de Maintenon three years his senior, the Archbishop of Paris celebrated their secret marriage in an oratory at Versailles, in presence of Père la Chaise, (who said the mass,) of the king's *valet-de-chambre*, and of M. de Montchevreuil, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon. Some writers have said that Louvois was present, but this, for reasons already given, appears very doubtful, as, indeed, are many of the details popularly credited with regard to this singular union. The date of the event seems fixed with tolerable certainty by La Baumelle, in his *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*. He says, that one day, when reprimanding the Duchess of Burgundy, she said to her—"I was what I am before you were born." The Duchess of Burgundy was born the 13th December, 1685. Voltaire assigns a later date to the marriage—incorrectly, if this anecdote be true; and St. Simon alleges it to have taken place immediately after the queen's death, in the winter of 1683-4, without, however, assigning any valid reasons for the assertion. The date, however, is immaterial; the fact of the marriage has long since been established by testimony that admits not of dispute. And even if the Bishop of Chartres, and other equally trustworthy persons, had not left written evidence of the fact, the king's behavior to Madame de Maintenon, and certain parts of her own deportment, would leave no room for doubt. "At the promenades of Marly," says Duclos, "shut up in a sedan-chair, to avoid the least breath of air, she had the king walking by her side, and taking off his hat each time that he bent forward to speak to her. Thus was she also seen on a rising ground at the camp of Compiègne, surrounded by all the court, the king on foot beside her, and the Duchess of Burgundy seated on one of the poles of the chair. In her own apartments it was still less possible to mistake the queen. She rose not on the entrance of princes of the blood, who had to demand an audience before they were admitted to her presence,

* Duclos, *Mémoires Secrets*, i. 330-34.

unless, indeed, they were sent for to receive some dry reprimand. She never called the Duchess of Burgundy otherwise than *mignonne*, and the duchess always addressed her as *aunt*." How strange a contrast! Thirty years previously, this woman of fifty, before whom the greatest king in Europe now stood uncovered—a mark of respect he had never shown to the queen, or to any of his mistresses—had walked, in the flower of her youth and beauty, beside the chair in which the poor cripple Scarron took his airing, beneath the arcades of the Place Royale.

For some years before the marriage, Madame de Maintenon's power over Louis XIV., although occasionally weakened by the fugitive seductions of Madame de Fontange, or some other favorite of the hour, was as great, to all appearance, as at any subsequent period. Already the influence of the priests and Jesuits, who accompanied her advent, was visible in the violent efforts made for the conversion of the Huguenots—efforts which, when unsuccessful, were replaced by the most oppressive and cruel measures. These persecutions were preceded and accompanied by ardent attempts at proselytism. On all sides missionaries were at work. When they failed dragoons replaced them. The sword succeeded to the crucifix. Neither were successful; but a hundred and fifty thousand families, belonging to the most intelligent classes of the French population, fled from their native land, where religious liberty was refused them, to enrich other countries by their ingenuity and industry. By guarding the frontiers, Louvois endeavored, but in vain, to check this wholesale emigration, the evil of which was insufficient to wrest concessions from the king. "The first of religions for Louis XIV.," says Duclos, "was the belief in the royal authority. Ignorant, besides, in matters of doctrine, superstitious in his devotion, he pursued a real or imaginary heresy as an act of disobedience, and thought to expiate his faults by persecution." Always inclined to tyranny, this quality augmented tenfold when he threw himself into the arms of bigotry and the Jesuits, of which body St. Simon asserts that he became a lay member. Certain it is that he was as much under their influence as if he had been bound by the terrible obligations imposed upon the members of that execrable fraternity. "The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the most terrible act of this fanatical devotion. Louis pretended to the rule of consciences. France, already ruined by war, luxury, and festivals, was depopulated by proscriptions; and the foreigner was the gainer by our losses. Louis was but the blind instrument of this barbarity. They represented to him, under the blackest colors, those heretics to whom his grandfather Henry chiefly owed his crown. Madame de Maintenon, born in the bosom of Calvinism, feared to draw suspicion on her own orthodoxy by intercession for her former brethren."* Voltaire, whom M. de Noailles admits to be tolerably correct in his judgment of Madame de

Maintenon, says she did not press the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its consequences, but that neither did she oppose it. It is significant, however, of the unscrupulous lengths to which she deemed herself justified in going to obtain converts to Rome, that, during the absence at sea of her cousin, M. de Villette, she fraudulently obtained possession of his young children, and prevailed with them to abjure their father's religion. "She was full of joy," says M. de Noailles, "to have rendered so great a service to their souls—greater even than to their fortunes." The latter point, however, was not neglected; and, subsequently, the king gave a regiment of dragoons to the eldest son, and a commission in his guards to the younger. In a letter to her brother, dated 19th December, 1680, she develops her plan for the conversion of all her young relatives. "Young de Murçay," she says, speaking of M. de Villette's eldest boy, "has long been a Catholic. M. de Saint-Hermine arrived to-day, and I think will give me more trouble. In a few days I shall have Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Hermine, de Caumont, and de Murçay; I hope I shall not miss one. But I like Minette, whom I saw at Cognac. If you could send her to me, you would do me a great pleasure. *There are no other means than violence: for they will be much afflicted in the family by de Murçay's conversion; you should prevail with her, therefore, to write to me that she wishes to become a Catholic. You will send me her letter; I will send you back a lettre-de-cachet, in virtue of which you will take her into your own house, until you find an opportunity of sending her off, by means of the M. de Xaintes, or M. de Tours.*" In this creditable manner were employed, it appears, a part of the nine thousand *lettres-de-cachet* issued under the reign of Louis XIV., surnamed the Great. It were easy to give a host of similar details respecting Madame de Maintenon's propagandist manœuvres. Doubtless, she acted according to her conscience, guided by the jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means. We find her exulting in the success of her intrigues: "*On ne voit que moi,*" she says, "*dans les églises, conduisant quelque Huguenot.*"

Whilst the king was occupied with his amorous, (say Duclos,) the court was gallant: the confessor stepped in and took possession, it became dull and hypocritical. The courtiers ran to the chapel as they before had hurried to ball and pageant; but the king was still the god to whom the worship was addressed. He had opportunities of perceiving this. Once that he was expected at evening prayer, the aisles were full of courtly devotees. Brissac, major of the body-guard, entered the chapel, said aloud to his men that the king was not coming, and with drew them. In an instant the chapel emptied itself; the Marchioness of Dangeau and three or four other women alone remaining. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Brissac replaced the guards. The king arrived, and was astonished at the extraordinary solitude. Brissac told him the reason; Louis laughed, and perhaps he pardoned the indifference to religion in favor of the respect and fear shown to his person.

* Duclos, i., 193-94.

The morality of which the king set an example after his second marriage, found as few sincere imitators as his exaggerated devotion. No words, that we can venture to employ, would give an adequate idea of the profligacy prevalent under his reign—of the debaucheries of the clergy, the vileness of the courtiers, the immorality of all classes. Dulaure, in his *Tableau Moral* of Paris, under Louis XIV., gives a frightful picture of the state of society; and although he has been taxed with exaggeration in certain financial statistics relating to that reign, his evidence is corroborated by the records of the time, in all essential particulars, as to its morals. "The clergy," he says, "with the exception of a few men of genius, who threw a bright lustre upon their century, and a few others, commendable for their talents and regular lives, were plunged in ignorance and dissoluteness. When the conversion of the Protestants was undertaken, hardly a priest was to be found in the rural districts capable of instructing them by his discourse, and of edifying them by his conduct. The king set an example of disorder by his gallantries." A king who scrupled not to travel with his wife and his two mistresses, (de Montespan and la Vallière,) all in the same carriage—whilst the people flocked to see the three queens, as they called them—could with ill grace have shown himself too severe a censor of his subjects. Later, however, in the height of his fanaticism, when he was completely in the hands of the pious Madame de Maintenon and his spiritual advisers, and religion was the order of the day, the clergy and courtiers continued their evil courses, merely adding hypocrisy to their other vices. The Archbishop of Paris, de Harlay, was noted for his debaucheries, notwithstanding which he was about to receive a cardinal's hat, when he was carried off by apoplexy in 1695. "What is now wanted," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "is some one to make his funeral oration. They say there are only two trifling considerations that render the task difficult—his life and his death." The corruption of the ladies of the court was extreme. "They united," says Dulaure, "pride with baseness, licentiousness with devotion, the forms of politeness with acts of cruelty. When too old for amorous intrigues, they became passionate gamblers, quarrelsome, litigious, false devotees, the tyrants of their homes, the curse of their families. The annals of tribunals, and historical records, afford abundant and indisputable proofs of the truth of this picture. We have already seen a specimen of their morals in the matter of the poisonings"—referring to the affair of La Voisin and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, in which a great number of noble persons belonging to the court were mixed up, although most of them got on with light punishment. When devotion (or hypocrisy) had become the fashion at court, "the lady gamblers," says a contemporary writer, "upon separating, pronounced a formula, by which they reciprocally made each other a present of any gains that might have been unfairly

acquired. This mode of defrauding God, practised by so many pious harpies, even in the very apartments of Madame de Maintenon, appeared to me an eminently characteristic trait." Tolerance went yet further; and men, known to have committed ignominious crimes, such as theft and coining, were admitted, in virtue of their ancient names and amusing qualities, into the very highest circles. As for cheating at cards, nothing was thought of it. The author of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont* speaks jestingly of his addiction to this base practice. "A great sharper and a great cheat at play," says St. Simon. This is the Duke de Grammont of whom we read in Le-montey's *Nouveaux Memoires de Dangeau*, that, in his seventy-third year, his wife made him say a paternoster, for the first time in his life. "Truly a fine prayer!" he said; "who made it?" Bussy Rabutin, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that, having been robbed, he suspected one of his retinue: "I strongly suspected that gentleman," he remarks, as if the thing were quite natural, "for he had been all his life a sharper." And elsewhere he speaks of an equerry, a soldier of fortune, whose bravery and friendship he extols, and adds, (as quietly as if he were saying that the man was a good shot and horseman,) "he was addicted to every vice, and robbery and murder were as familiar to him as eating and drinking." Such lenity is best explained by the practices of the great nobles themselves. At the rejoicings celebrated at Versailles, for the marriage of Louis XIV.'s grandson, where the princes and courtiers literally bent under the weight of embroidery and jewels,* some noble thieves made an immense booty, and had the audacity to cut off a piece of the Duchess of Burgundy's dress, in order to obtain possession of a diamond clasp. "The Chevalier de Sully caught one of the robbers in the act: it was a man of the first quality. They supposed he wished to get wherewith to pay for his coat, and the king pardoned him." The mixture of bigotry and libertinism, prevalent at the end of the 17th century, was most curious. Compliance with the forms of religion, with fasts and penitence, was held far more important than a virtuous life. Louis XIV.'s son, known as the *Grand-Dauphin*, considered it one of the blackest of crimes to eat meat on a fast-day. During Lent he sent to Paris for one of his mistresses, an actress named Raisin; and when she came he gave her nothing to eat, but salad and bread fried

* Luxury in dress was carried to a scandalously extravagant height under the reign of Louis XIV. The king set the example, and seemed to think that the splendor of his clothes contributed to his personal grandeur. Dulaure is very severe upon him for this weakness. "When, in February, 1715," he says, "the Jesuits, to divert the ennuï of Louis XIV., sent him a supposititious ambassador from the King of Persia, a foreign merchant being made to play this part at the court of France, the monarch, continually the dupe of these priests' knavery, thought it necessary to display all his magnificence to the pretended envoy. He put on a dress of gold stuff and watered silk, embroidered with diamonds to a value of twelve and a half millions of livres, and the coat was so heavy that he changed it after dinner." See also *Dangeau's Memoirs*, by Madame de Sartory, ii. 117.

in oil, imagining that a sin avoided expiated a sin committed. The king's brother, eating a biscuit, said to the Abbé Feuillet, a canon of St. Cloud, "This is not breaking the fast!" "Eat a calf," replied the priest, with a frankness and honesty rare at that time, "and be a Christian." It was the age of hypocrisy and outward observance. The husk of religion was offered to God; the grain was nowhere. People went daily to church; there to talk and laugh, and see their friends. In a work that appeared in 1713, entitled "A Letter from a Layman to his Friend on the Immodesty and Profanation committed in Churches," the author, after describing the irreverence and unbecoming attitudes of the congregation, adds this reflection—"It is truly extraordinary that people reckon it a great sin not to attend mass, but make no scruple of the profanations they there commit." But neither satire, sermon, nor reprimand could repress the indecency then remarkable in woman's attire, and which was prescribed by court etiquette, whose laws none dared violate or attempt to reform. Even in his most fervent hours of fanaticism, etiquette was paramount with the king to every other consideration. As usual, the town took pattern by the court, and the immorality of Paris has seldom been greater than during the years of Louis XIV.'s devotion and ennui—those years of dulness and discontent of which Madame de Maintenon so bitterly complains in her letters. From the hypocritical concealment of this reign, to the open license of the Regency, the apparent change was great, but the real increase of depravity was far from considerable. M. de Noailles, in common with all the admirers of Madame de Maintenon, represents her heart to have been more interested than her ambition in the success of the skilful course of conduct by which, after the death of the queen, she riveted the king's fetters, and decoyed him to the altar. If her anticipations of happiness from the marriage were sanguine, they were far from realized. It was difficult for any attachment to endure the constant presence of Louis' intense egotism, and her strong good sense cannot but have been disgusted by the prodigious doses of adulation he daily complacently imbibed. The magnitude of these is shown in a curious passage from Duclos:—

Never was a prince the object of so much adoration. The homage paid him was a worship, an emulation of servility, a conspiracy of eulogiums, which he blushed not to receive, since others blushed not to offer them. The dedication of his statue in the Place des Victoires was an apotheosis. The prologues of operas intoxicated him with corrupt incense, to such a degree that he *naïvement* sang them himself. The Bishop of Noyon, (Clermont Tonnerre,) so vain-glorious and so vile, founded a prize at the Academy, to celebrate in perpetuity the virtues of Louis XIV. as an inexhaustible subject. Men went in the morning to the chapel of the Louvre, to hear the panegyric of St. Louis; and at night, at the Assembly, they attended with greater devotion to that of Louis XIV. Nor was it without his knowledge; they shame-

lessly communicated to him the subject of each eulogium. It was not without opposition from certain servile academicians, that I succeeded in changing the subject of the prize: * such difficulty has the soul that has once grovelled, to raise itself from the earth. The Duke of Grammont, son of the first marshal of that name, asked of the king an appointment as historiographer, that he might flatter by right of office. If others were preferred to him, truth was nothing the gainer. Is it astonishing that, in the midst of a court of poisoners, Louis fell into a delirium of vanity and self-adoration? * * * Nothing better paints the impression made by the king's presence than what happened to Henry Jules de Bourbon, son of the great Condé. He had an hysterical affection, which, in any other than a prince, would have been called insanity. It showed itself in his occasionally fancying he was a dog, and then he barked with all his might. He was once seized with a fit of this kind in the king's apartment. The monarch's presence restrained the madness without wholly checking it. The maniac went to the window, and, putting out his head, stifled his voice as much as he could, making, at the same time, all the grimaces with which his barking was habitually accompanied. †

Madame de Maintenon must have felt continually humiliated in the person of her royal husband, whose greediness of flattery was scarcely less despicable than the baseness of those who administered it; and, in a woman of her character, it is difficult to imagine affection surviving esteem. Many passages in her letters lead to the inference that her love for Louis, if it ever distinctly existed, was exchanged, for years before his death, for utter indifference, not to say dislike. "With all my good fortune," she wrote to one of her friends, "I am dying of melancholy. The king keeps me constantly in sight. I see no one. I am obliged to rise at five in the morning, to find time to write to you." And, in another letter, "I feel too well that there is no compensation for loss of liberty." Her disgust at the baseness of the courtiers is forcibly expressed in various letters: "Almost all," she says, "are ready to drown friends and relations in order to say a word the more to the king, and to show him that they sacrifice everything to him. * * * I see and hear things that rouse my displeasure and indignation. Cold-blooded assassinations, causeless envy, treason without resentment, insatiable avarice, despair in the midst of prosperity, baseness misnamed magnanimity. I pause; I cannot think of these things without anger." Louis XIV.—whose death was more exemplary than his life, and who recognized, on the brink of the grave, some of the chief errors of his reign ‡—testified, in his last illness, much affection for Madame de Maintenon, embracing her tenderly, and even shedding tears at the thought of parting from her—the best sign of human feeling and weakness that marked the closing scene

* Duclos was a distinguished member and perpetual secretary of the French Academy, as well as historiographer of France, under Louis XV.

† Duclos, i. 199-201.

‡ In his last words to the dauphin: "My dear child, I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenditure I have made."

of his existence. "I have not made you happy," he said, "but I have always entertained for you the sentiments of esteem and friendship you merit. In quitting you, I am consoled by the hope that we shall speedily meet again in eternity." To this adieu, according to Duclos, she made no reply, and the idea it expressed seemed repugnant to her. It is most unlikely, however, that she would have allowed such repugnance to appear. "Bolduc, chief apothecary, assured me that she said, as she left the room, 'A pretty rendezvous he gives me! That man has never loved any one but himself.' These words, which I will not guarantee to have been spoken, because the chief domestics loved her not, might better have come from the lips of Scarron's widow than from those of a queen." Duclos is right to doubt so improbable an anecdote. But what admits not of doubt, or of excuse, is her desertion of her king and husband during the forty-eight hours preceding his death. Her most ardent admirer, Madame de Genlis, is for once compelled to censure. "It is the sole blamable action of her life," she says. "She should have received the king's last sigh." Unquestionably she should. Though affection were extinct and gratitude forgotten, common decorum should have bound her to his dying pillow. It was a strange blunder of one habitually so circumspect. It furnished to her enemies an additional and valid pretext for taxing her with hypocrisy and coldheartedness; and it weakened the position of her friends, who, with a greater but more amiable exaggeration, held her up as a model of perfection, such as is incompatible with the fragility and corruption of human nature.

AGE AND POVERTY.—A friend of ours, who has been recently through the Eastern part of Connecticut, says that he was detained an hour or more at Groton, waiting for the New London ferry-boat; and while there, met an old man who afforded him a subject for much painful reflection. It was in the bar-room of the Groton Bank Hotel that this old man sat, at a window, looking out at the water, across which a furious north-wester was blowing. Monday, February 18th, was a windy day, as we well remember. His appearance was peculiar. He was very black, and evidently very old; certainly eighty, probably more than ninety, though he knew nothing of his age. He remembered the Revolution and the men of those days, and was then a slave of Judge Wickham, residing, we believe, at Cutchogue, on Long Island. He has escaped the dangers of almost a century, and has grown old, very old. His appearance was melancholy in the extreme. He watched the passing wind-gusts on the water, as if he thought them very much like the events of the century he had been living through. As our friend entered, he looked up and spoke. He was intelligent, and his mind as clear as a youth's, and he was soon led into speaking of ancient times.—"Jim," said our friend, "how came you here?"—"I'm here, sir, because I am old and poor."—The answer was full of force and beauty. He was old and black, and though, for aught we knew, he might have been a bad citizen, yet it was evident that he was there because he was old and poor, and for no

other reason. For he had begun to grow ill, either with age or with some exertion of body which he was ill fitted for, and the good people of a Connecticut parish, not many miles back of Stonington, had concluded that he might die, and be on the parish for burial at their expense, and so, in the old man's words, "an officer came and took me and my wife and brought us here to Groton, to wait till a sloop goes to Sag Harbor; for I was born on Long Island."

"But," added the worn-out old fellow, "I don't know what I'm to do after I get there." "Why, have you no friends there?" "I had two sisters that were alive there fifteen years ago, but I don't know any one else."

All this did not strike our friend as exactly puritanical or right, but he had no time to inquire into the particulars of the case. However, it was evident that the man and his wife were there in charge of an officer, waiting to be shipped to Long Island, to find the graves of his sisters; for what is the probability that a man of ninety will find, living, the sisters of his boyhood? And, more than this, the poor fellow said he had a son, "a likely boy" he called him, living with Mr. ———, who had no knowledge of their fate. This looked rather strange, too, for our free country; but it is customary to send paupers to their native places, inasmuch as the town which produces, is supposed thereby to give bonds for their support.

It was cruel to tear that old man from the midst of people whom he knew in his age, and scenes that he had become familiar with and loved—from among men that he had seen grow up from boyhood, and whose baby footsteps he had tended—and send him by force to exile in a land which he had forgotten, and that had long ago forgotten him. But he was old, and black, and poor! It was wrong to curse the last lingering years of his existence with the curse which strangers and the poor find where they are unwelcome. Why, before next year that man will be dead, and buried in sand which he never loved, and his death will be lonely and mournful! But in the resurrection he will stand as erect as the Justice who committed him, and the dust that clings to his grave clothes, (if he be so fortunate as to have any,) will be the condemnation of those who embittered his last hours with exile and want.

We trust some of the Sag Harbor people will look after him, if he has reached their shore; he said he wanted to be free, and go around and look up friends, if he might. In the name of mercy and charity, let him. Don't send that worn-out body to the county-house and to a pauper's grave. What if he is black, and his feeble limbs are almost worthless; and what if he be a hoary sinner, (which we know nothing about,) nevertheless he knew our fathers' fathers, and stands among us as a relic of brave old days.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

For the Living Age.

SONG.

WE, dearest! who in life's rough path
Walk laden heavily,
Should ever face the light, so that
Wherever we may be
The heavy burthen which we bear,
Its shadow dim may cast,
Not on our forward steps, but on
The portion we have past.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE CASHIERED.

I am like a beam that has shone ; like a mist that has fled away, when the blast of the morning came, and brightened the side of the hill. Talk to me of arms no more—departed is my fame.—*Ossian*.

I AM now grown old and feeble ; the fire of youth has long left my eye ; the form that was once stately and erect is bowed down ; the step, once so proud and elastic, now totters feebly along, and the raven locks which clustered round my brow are replaced by a few silvery hairs. A sad, a melancholy being I am ; but though life has been protracted much beyond the term usually allotted to man, time has been more lenient with me than care and grief. Of all the companions of my youth I only remain—remain a lone, solitary old man, sinking to the grave, unknown, unloved, uncared for ! Do you wonder at it ? Reader, I was cashiered, driven from the army with ignominy and disgrace ! No matter the cause, the why, or the wherefore—whether my sentence was a just or an unjust one—sufficient, the sentence remains, and I am cashiered.

Many long years of sorrow and of unavailing regret have passed over me since then—youth has changed to old age. Friends have forsaken me ; my parents, my brothers and sisters, a dear devoted wife and innocent children—all, all, are long since gone, and I am left alone in the world—the wretched survivor—to bear my fate, an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The balm of time has not healed my wounds—they remain as fresh and as green as if my doom had been pronounced but yesterday. When first my sentence was announced to me, how well I remember that hour ! Like autumn's dark storms, it fell upon me—my mind so astounded refused to give it credence—petrified, annihilated, I fell to the ground in a helpless state of insensibility.

Many days passed ere my senses returned ; and O, how dreadful was that return to consciousness !—a weight was on my mind ; an undefined feeling of some dreadful event. I knew not what oppressed me ; but gradually the whole truth flashed across me, and again I became unconscious. Time, however, and the unceasing attentions of a tender wife, whispering the consolations of hope and religion, at length enabled me to leave my couch. Spring passed into autumn ; the leaves that were green had changed to a sombre hue ; the birds had ceased to sing ; the sky was gray and overcast, and everything looked blighted, cheerless, and sad. But worse than all, my poor wife, my loved angel, had changed even more dreadfully than the face of nature itself. From the hue of health, during my illness, her dear face had assumed the deadly pallor of the grave ; a harassing cough continually oppressed her, and though her cheerfulness remained, and in my presence she ever wore the smile of content, I could too plainly see that death had set his seal upon her. My disgrace and the agony I endured, which, in my moments of aberration my ravings had fearfully revealed to her, so preyed upon her mind, and her unceasing attendance upon my sick couch, night and day, had so undermined her naturally delicate constitution, that consumption, that fell destroyer of all that is lovely, had already marked her for his own. O, how that angel bore her trials ! Never did I hear one murmur or one complaint ; but to the last, forgetful of herself, her sole thought seemed to be to cheer and support me. She died—"The spring returned with its flowers, but no leaf of mine arose."

Ah ! then I felt alone—really and truly alone ; for on my recovery I had withdrawn from the world, and, with my wife and children, I sought, if I could not regain my peace of mind, at least to hide my shame and my struggle from the gaze of the world.

So the struck deer, with some deep wound oppressed,
Lies down to die ; the arrow in his breast ;
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Till he bleeds, and pants his life away !

Many fruitless efforts had I made to get my sentence reversed ; much interest has been used for me—but in vain.

My children, those dear pledges of our love, still remained to me, and to them I determined to devote my future life—but, alas ! they also were torn from me ; deprived of a mother's care, these tender plants soon drooped, and they left me to rejoin her in a better and a happier state. God in his great mercy took them to himself, ere they learnt to feel the cold taunts of the world, and the disgrace entailed upon them in that of their father.

My boy will not now lift up his eyes to the wall, and, seeing his father's sword, ask, "Whose sword is that ?" That agony is spared me—he is no longer here—my son rests in the bed of death !

A dreadful apathy crept over me—I knew no one—days changed to weeks, weeks to months ; years rolled on, and I remained the same. My parents died, my brothers and sisters departed, but I was scarcely conscious of the news they brought me. With the loss of my wife and my children, a melancholy despair took possession of my soul—the full force of my afflictions and my disgrace returning, completely overwhelmed me.

Memory has taken no note of this time—it is a blank leaf in the volume of my history—would that another page could be as effectually blotted out ! But no, like the stained hand of Lady Macbeth, that one spot, that one damning thought, remains ; nothing will ever eradicate it till I, alike forgetful, am forgotten in the oblivion of the grave !

One day, I remember it well, a thought came over me—a long, deep, fervent desire to join my wife and children—a longing wish to die ! Hope, with the thought, returned to me—each day the desire grew stronger, and I determined to find refuge in death ! Do not think, reader, that I contemplated suicide. No, that were a coward's death, and whatever my fault, it was not this—I resolved to seek death, to earn it, but by legitimate means.

I left the land of my birth and my dishonor, and under an assumed name I travelled over many countries, ever seeking the oblivion from my cares which I sighed for. Often I mixed in the deadly strife ; many's the dreadful deed of horror and of blood in which I have taken part. Ever, where the tide of battle raged the fiercest, where friends and foes fell thick around me, was I to be found. My name and my despair, and longing for death—erroneously termed valor and intrepidity—became the boast and the pride of my companions. I was the wonder and admiration of all. Rank and honors were showered upon me, yet the death I so eagerly sought came not. Though ever foremost in the battle, ever engaged in the most desperate adventures, madly seeking my desire in the serried ranks of the enemy, I always escaped unscathed—often alone ; fate seemed to hold a protecting shield over me.

As I have said, rank, honor, and wealth were mine ; nothing was denied me but that one single gift which I so eagerly sought. Youth, love, and the smiles of beauty were proffered to the warrior

whose name resounded through the empire; maidens showered flowers on my path; old men and young children blessed me, and sought to catch a glance of my eye; but what were the triumphs, flowers, love, or beauty, to one whose face refused to smile, whose heart was dead within him? They had no charms for me—the disgraced, dishonored man, who had left his own for a foreign land, ashamed to bear his own name, and to avow his country. The coldness of the grave had long overcome my affections; one only, one sole thought embittered my existence, and rendered joyless all my triumphs.

All were grieved to notice the apathy of their hero, yet proud to respect and do him honor. No one suspected my secret, for none could suppose that the renowned warrior, the favored friend of his sovereign, the idol of the country, was the prey to the deadliest feelings of remorse and despair; that while the jest was on his lip, the canker-worm was deep in his bosom—that he was a miserable, broken-hearted, dishonored man! Yet such was the case! Amidst these unsought, undesired honors, thought was ever busy; it shed its corroding influence over my whole life and being.

From fame as a warrior I gained renown as a statesman. Difficult negotiations, intrigues on which depended the fate of nations, were entrusted to me. Fortune favored me; everything that I undertook succeeded. None knew whence I came, who or what I was—my country was a problem; but all agreed that my honors and my fame were well deserved.

Success brought satiety. My mind required action, continual action, where I could give fresh scope to my bent, and seek out in new countries the oblivion from my cares, which as yet had been denied me. I determined then, as suddenly and as secretly as I came, to quit the scene of my glory; and to this end I left the city, alone, in disguise; and again, under an assumed name, cast myself upon the world.

* * * * *

My disappearance caused, of course, the utmost astonishment, and every means were resorted to, to gain intelligence of me, but all in vain; for I had too well taken my precautions, and to this day all are in ignorance as to my fate. The nation bewailed my loss; they felt it a national calamity; and if you go there, you may see the monument "erected by a grateful country to the memory of the brilliant statesman, the splendid orator, the renowned warrior, the friend of the poor, the savior of the country." Long will my name there be remembered—my fate must ever remain a mystery.

Years passed on, I extended my travels to the utmost limits of the known world. Ever alone, a prey to the most desolating thoughts, and longing for that death which was denied me, and which alone could obliterate the blasting effects of the sentence of my court-martial; for ruined, rejected as I was by my own country, how could I find consolation? How could I appreciate the blessings of life and health when my honor, my more than life, life's essence itself, had been ruthlessly torn from me? How often in the world have I since met men whom I have known in my happier days—even some of those who sat in judgment on me, but none remembered me. As it was, under my new name, with my altered fortunes, and changed in feature as I was by time, care, and the hardships I had undergone, I passed unknown, unsuspected, and these very men were eager to do me honor, and to bask in the sunshine of him whose life they had embittered!

I visited the remotest part of India—often engaged in the wars of the native princes—I passed months in the swamps and jungles in pursuit of the tiger and wild boar. In turn I visited China, the islands of the Indian Archipelago, tenanted by hideous savages, and cannibals; the horrid swamps and pestilential climate of Africa, so fatal to Europeans, and so unhappily known as the white man's grave—I escaped everything, nothing affected me. Pestilence and disease, the sword, the deadly bullet respected me—fate held a protecting shield over my charmed life.

Alone, in the anguish of my soul, what years of torture have I not undergone, the more so, perhaps, as the source of my misery was sealed in my own bosom! My mind was torn with desolating, unavailing regret, with the vain remembrance of all I had lost, of what I had been, and what I was. Memory, so dear to the calm and happy mind, brings back nought but chagrin and the undying scorpion of remorse to the sickened senses of the unhappy sufferer. Time only adds fuel to the flame, and solitude fans it into a blaze!

My days of wandering are over—I have returned to die amongst the happy scenes of my youth—

—Oh, then, the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 't was happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

I have long since forgiven, nay almost forgotten, my persecutors. God forgive them as freely as I do! Life is ebbing fast away; I feel that I have not many days to live, and the sad retrospect of my past life is strong before me; with the near approach of death, which cannot now be long delayed, I withdraw my thoughts from the world around me, I look to a brighter, far happier sphere, where the weary are at rest, and I have one friend—a kind, good old man—who visits me daily, and imparts the consolations of religion to a troubled soul.

Of the crime with which I was charged, I was guiltless—perfectly innocent in thought, word, and deed—with eternity before me, I say it; yet a court-martial convicted, cashiered, ruined me forever! Clear, incontestable evidence of my innocence was produced, yet was I punished, and left to wander—through the misconception and ignorance of a court-martial, and the influence of a superior officer—an outcast, a "fugitive and a vagabond on the earth," a seal set upon my brow lest any one should destroy me, and, like Cain, in the misery of my despair, have I cried, "Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear." I had a proud, independent spirit; scorning to do a mean act myself, I had perhaps not sufficient forbearance for the frailties of others. I was too confident, too self-reliant—alas! my pride was soon to have a fall, to rise, like Wolsey's, no more! God in his wisdom had determined to humble me, and adopted these means to make me conscious of my own frailty, although innocent of the crime with which I was charged. Hard has been my lot, but unflinchingly have I borne it—my heart is broken, my pride is humbled to the dust!

Such has been my life, such my sufferings, such the result of the sentence of my court-martial; how many may have suffered equally, and as unjustly! Before man passes judgment on his brother—before, by one word, he entails such disastrous results on a fellow-creature, a man like himself—he should deeply, seriously consider—scrutinize all the bear-

ings of the case, weigh well the evidence, give the prisoner the full benefit of any doubt, and if guilt be *clearly* proved, then, and then only, punish; but still bear in mind the Christian precept of tempering justice with mercy. God grant that the recital of my sufferings and the agony entailed upon me, by an unjust sentence, may yet perhaps be the means of averting such intolerable disgrace and despair to many an honorable mind!

The old man died. He gradually sank into the grave, the secret of who and what he was, confined to his own bosom. Amongst his papers was found the foregoing melancholy recital of his sufferings, and of the fortitude with which he was able, through a long life, to undergo so much, and, as he himself asserts, undeserved misery. As he died friendless and unknown, we considered that there could be no impropriety in publishing this memoir—the more so, as whilst it could do no possible injury, it might conduce to the happiness of many, and be the means of saving unspeakable misery to others equally innocent.

From certain inquiries we have instituted since reading the above manuscript, and by referring to the military annals of the period alluded to in it, we have little doubt on our minds as to the identity of the individual, who, if we are correct in our surmise, was the victim of a faction and a deep laid plot. He was falsely and maliciously accused; and erroneously and unjustly convicted and cashiered by a general court-martial. And owing to the interest and family influence of a superior officer, at whose instance the trial took place, justice and a reconsideration of his sentence were ever afterwards denied him. A court-martial could then, as now, *do no wrong*, and, consequently, there was, and is still, no appeal from its decision!

Here we see one instance of the misery inflicted by an incompetent, and, unfortunately, irresponsible court; but how many similar cases have occurred, and how many more may still occur. The whole system of courts-martial is defective, and must be entirely remodelled; and they must assimilate to the practice established in our civil and criminal law courts. The absurdity of a number of officers as ignorant of law and the forms of justice, (even the simplest rules of evidence), as a lawyer may be supposed to be of the manœuvres of a battalion in the field, sitting in judgment on a matter probably requiring the nicest distinction and the utmost skill and legal acumen—is most palpable.

Though professing to be guided by the practice in our law courts, will it be believed that no legal or professional man is recognized or admitted as such at these courts? Courts-martial are courts of honor, and despise law and lawyers! There is no

person sitting at these courts educated for, or professing a knowledge of the law, but they are guided by their own feelings in their decision on the matter before them; or influenced by the president, or any other member.

It is high time that a permanent deputy judge advocate be appointed to conduct the proceedings of a general court-martial; but instead of a legally educated man, as one would naturally look for, we find an officer, junior in the service to the president, and often of the majority of the members of the court. The duty of the deputy judge advocate is to guide and instruct the court on points of law and form; but being as little informed as the court itself, and as incapable of showing or appreciating the bearing of the evidence on the case, he acts the only part he can, that of secretary or clerk to record the proceedings, and this he accomplishes often most imperfectly. It must not be forgotten either, that when a prisoner appears before a court-martial, whatever may be said to the contrary, he is not, as in a court of law, supposed to be innocent, till he is clearly proved to be guilty. Oh, no! a court-martial is above all that. The argument is, "This man would not have been brought here if he were innocent; his case has already been investigated by the authorities, and *of course* he is guilty, or why should we *try* him?" thus a prisoner arraigned before a court-martial is supposed guilty till proved innocent! This monstrous, and, in our free country, incredible as it may appear, is, however, not the less true; and the members feel, and the prisoner knows, that he is placed there merely to receive his quantum of punishment after the farce of a trial has been gone through. It makes one's heart bleed to think of the frequency of these solemn farces, and of the amount of wrong, and the unspeakable misery they inflict. But the country will no longer tolerate such a system.

A recent court-martial held at Guernsey on Captain Douglas, of the 16th regiment, has forcibly recalled our attention to the subject. That he is innocent of any crime, or that his conduct has in aught deviated from the correct course of an officer and a gentleman, there cannot be the slightest doubt; yet has he been convicted and cashiered by a court-martial. While we deeply sympathize and condole with Capt. Douglas in his unmerited disgrace, we confidently hope that justice will ere long be rendered him; and sincerely as we commiserate the position of that high-minded gentleman, we rejoice that his undeserved infliction will prove the means of entirely remodelling the pernicious system of courts-martial, and of making our military tribunals courts of justice—not a mockery and a farce, as they now stand under the curious assimilation of courts of honor and courts of law.

"This rebutting testimony that we read of in the courts," said Mrs. Partington, "must be to make it go down easier; the same way that they embezzle bibles with pictures, and make sugar plums of rhubarb. How much better it would be if you could receive the truth without rebutting it. Don't you think so, sir?" continued she, accosting a counsellor present. "Certainly, madam," replied he with dignity; "and consider the high price of butter, too." This was a remark that fired a train to a magazine of eloquence on domestic economy, and the old lady warmly espoused the doctrine of *low fare*.

"I am sorry to hear it—very sorry," said Mrs.

Partington; and her specs looked steamy, as if in an atmosphere of tears. "Sorry for what?" anxiously asked Mrs. Sled. "I see by the papers," continued Mrs. P., "that the Countess of Blessedness in England has failed and had to sell her articles of *vertu*! What frail creatures we are! There's no knowing what misfortune may drive us to. And only think of the printers, too; as soon as the poor woman made the slip, they must sit right down and tell of her failing. Isn't this a hard-hearted world, Mrs. Sled?" Mrs. Sled assented; it seemed to be one of those questions that admitted of no debate, and the toast and tea were discussed instead.—*Boston Post*.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

LINNÉ, THE WOODLAND FLOWER.

In solitudes

Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odors deep
Of flowers.—SHELLEY.

On a hill-side bordered by a forest there stood an old church, of small dimensions, whose slender tower contained one soft-voiced bell, which chimed forth on each successive Sabbath a gentle invitation to attend the morning service; or when, at distant intervals of time, an interment took place in the surrounding burying-ground, its solemn toll gave notice of the rare occurrence. Laurisheim had fallen into comparative disuse ever since a more stately edifice had been reared some miles off, but in the same extensive parish, and with a capacious cemetery attached. The minister who officiated at the old church resided near the new one; few and scattered were the neighboring homesteads; and a solitary cottage opening on the peaceful resting-place of the dead alone afforded evidence of the vicinity of the living, by the blue smoke which might be seen curling upwards from a chimney in the low thatched roof. This cottage was occupied by an individual, commonly known by the appellation of Johnny, or "Johannellinus," meaning the diminutive, who filled the offices conjointly of clerk and sexton, both these situations, as may be supposed, being almost sinecures at Laurisheim.

Johannellinus was the smallest specimen of humanity, to be perfectly formed, and with none of the distortions or imperfections of dwarfs, that it is possible to imagine—he was, in short, a real pigmy: middle-aged, with a charming expression of countenance, laughing blue eyes, and dancing, frisking, flibbertigibbet, will-o'-the-wisp sort of ways. He was an accomplished clerk, reading sharply but distinctly, and leading the half dozen singers with all the airs and graces of a fashionable performer; and as for his sextonship, no one could dig a grave so well and expeditiously as the agile, fairy-like Johannellinus; some persons indeed affirmed that the "little folk in green" must aid him sometimes.

When a funeral was performed at Laurisheim, it was picturesque (if such an expression may be so applied) to watch the mournful procession winding slowly up the hill-side, defile amongst crags and forest abutments, where wild roses, strawberries, and periwinkles bloomed in profusion, and the footfall was noiseless on the soft springy turf; then emerging from the wood into the open space, and entering the porch of the house of God, so beautiful in its primitive simplicity and quaint fashionings.

Very touching it was also on those summer evenings, when "the dew it falleth slow," to listen far down in the valley beneath to the distant tones of Johannellinus' flageolet, when the peasant resting from his toil, with his children sporting around, would take the pipe from his mouth and say, "Listen, listen all—'t is good Johannellinus piping away!" as the sweet sounds floated past on the evening breeze. Johannellinus was an universal favorite, welcomed everywhere, though his were "as angels' visits, few and far between;" but when he *did* come with his flageolet, which he rarely left behind, great was the rejoicing amongst the favored household, young and old; neighbors flocked in, a dance was sometimes got up, and little Johnny was *fêted* and caressed by all. Often, too, the woodman, pursuing his occupation in the forest

depths, felt he was not so solitary after all, when suddenly a strain of some cheerful air reëchoed through the glades, and he said to himself, "There is Johannellinus, I wonder how many orchises the manikin has found to-day!" for Johnny employed all his leisure hours, of which he had many, in searching far and wide for orchises, readily disposing of them to gardeners and amateurs.

And Johnny found plenty of use for his gains, inasmuch as he was the sole protector of an orphan nephew, whose father had perished at sea, and whose young mother, Johnny's only sister, had literally died of a broken heart for her husband's loss. Very dearly had poor little Johnny loved his sister, and very tenderly he also loved her orphan boy, thrown on the world in helpless destitution; and to give him a good education, and fit him for gaining an honest and respectable livelihood, was the worthy uncle's first wish. Johnny's sole recreation was his flageolet; and, seated on the root of some old tree, he often solaced himself with its sweet strains as he rested awhile from his toils; and certainly the second wish of his guileless heart was to lead the singing at Laurisheim with that, instead of with his voice, on the Sabbath: but he dared not propose the measure, as the minister disliked all change or innovation, and Johnny stood in much awe of him.

It was on the eve of the holy Baptist's day, when Johannellinus had just seated himself to enjoy his frugal repast after a wearying day in the forest, that a pedestrian entered his cottage asking for rest and refreshment. Now there was something in the wayfarer's appearance and tone of voice which instantly prepossessed Johnny in his favor: he was a tall, attenuated man, perhaps fifty years of age, but he looked older than he was, because his long locks which flowed over his shoulders were silvery white; his stooping gait, too, might have led to the supposition of infirmity at first sight, had not the piercing glance of his dark, eagle eye, and a free agile step, altogether disproved the allegation. The request for rest and refreshment was simply made, and the words were simple enough in themselves, but Johnny's musical ear detected the pleasant intonation of a sonorous voice, for *he* judged by sound, as Lavater did by expression, and if ever one human being felt suddenly attracted towards another, Johnny did to the strange pedestrian. The latter carried a stout oaken staff in one hand, while the other supported a kind of wallet flung over his shoulder; but, despite dust and fatigue, little Johnny felt perfectly warranted in saying—

"I fear that a gentleman like you, sir, will find it hard to put up with the sort of welcome I can give; but my best shall be done."

The stranger smiled in a sad sort, threw down his wallet, and drew towards the table, and without more ado assisted Johnny to dispose of the humble viands. He then asked to be shown where he could sleep, and Johnny ushered him into the spare closet containing a camp bed and one chair, the single window looking full on the churchyard, where the moon was rising over the dark trees, casting strange flickering shadows on the graves beneath.

Long and earnestly the stranger gazed on the scene, and then turning round and looking down on his companion, he said—

"Will you allow me to inhabit this apartment as long as I please? I will give you but little trouble, as I shall be out in the forest nearly as

much as yourself." Pointing towards the crowded hillocks, he added—"A draught from St. Hubert's spring will be the most delicious beverage for a thirsty soul."

And this mention of St. Hubert's well completed Johnny's astonishment; few persons—and those only the natives of the spot—knowing its existence, hidden as it was amidst the mansions of the dead, and arched over, curtained also with ivy and other creepers.

However, Johannellinus held his peace, for there was somewhat in the stranger's voice and mien, betokening both reserve and melancholy, that he durst not venture on idle questions. He knew not how to refuse the request preferred, particularly as the gentleman put down several gold pieces, thus liberally anticipating payment: so, after many deprecatory hints on Johnny's part as to the incomplete domestic appointments of his housekeeping, all of which were unheeded by his guest, the arrangement was concluded, much to Johnny's own amazement at its suddenness, and at his opinions being so quietly but peremptorily overruled.

Now, although Johannellinus was far from being of a prying or inquisitive disposition, yet there was abundant reason in the present case why curiosity might have been forgiven; but when the little clerk found that the reverend incumbent evidently knew the stranger, and evinced deference and attention towards him, all misgivings vanished, and Johnny decided that his guest was merely an eccentric individual; "perhaps a *lectle* more than that, but perfectly safe and harmless."—"Poor gentleman," soliloquized Johnny, "I am sure he has known great trouble; and when I put *this* and when I put *that* together, I think I can fathom his history. First, there are his lone rambles in the forest, and sure he isn't *always* a botanizing, 'cause don't I hear him apostrophizing of something continually? Secondly, don't I see him in that shady corner beneath the yew-tree, when he thinks no one sees him, bending over that grave which has only the name of 'Linette' on its headstone, dated twenty-five years ago? and did n't he ask me when the rose-trees had died which used to grow all over it? and has n't he planted more, and told me to attend carefully to them? And didn't he know where to find St. Hubert's well? So I put these things together, and come to the conclusion that he knew this place when he was a youngster, and long afore I did; that his sweetheart is buried there, and that he has n't been quite right ever since."

Johnny's sage deductions seemed not altogether unwarrantable. Damian, as the stranger gave his name, was an indefatigable laborer, patient in research day by day, gathering botanical treasures, classifying and arranging them each evening, and seldom ceasing to pursue most ardently his occupation, so that Johnny often felt uncertain if the preoccupied enthusiast gave any heed to his humble talk, for *he* had no secrets; and to speak of his hopes and wishes for the orphan boy was so natural and pleasant, for it must be confessed that Johnny liked a "bit of gossip" now and then; so he also confided his ambitious wishes respecting the church music, as leader of the choir on his flageolet, lamenting at the same time the ruinous condition of the sacred edifice.

"Ah, poor fellow," thought Johannellinus, "I have heard that unhappiness finds rest and relief in study;" and one evening, as he turned homewards

from a distant part of the forest, he was brought to a sudden halt, his suspicions confirmed, and sympathies all excited, on hearing Damian's voice at rather a high pitch, exclaiming—

"Most beautiful Linné! here, where nothing is heard save the rustling of the trees and the song of the birds, I apostrophize thee! What are the haughty flowers of the land in comparison with *thee*? Thou refusest to exchange the silent glen and the melancholy wood for the gay parterres of civilization; the mossy turf and the shady solitude is thy eternal bed; a fairy link and memento thou art of past happiness."

Here Johnny could not resist peeping through the intervening boughs and leaves, and he felt quite awe-struck on beholding Damian kneeling beside a mossy knoll, whereon grew a delicate white flower. Surely it could not be *that* he was speaking to, yet he plucked a blossom, at the same time continuing—

"Fair little lady, sweet woodland Linné, I feel absolute compunction in plucking thee, for thou wilt pine and die in my hands. It is truly a selfish and transitory gratification, for the tenderest care will not save thee when transplanted, and cultivation is thy death."

"Is it the flower or a spirit he is speaking to?" pondered Johannellinus. "I declare it as sugar sweet to hear him as it is to hear my flageolet, and 'most makes me cry."

So saying, he took it from his pocket, breathing a wailing symphony, which caused the startled botanist to look hurriedly round, and to move quickly on; but not ere he had caught a glimpse of the inopportune musician peering through the leaves.

It might be this slight incident had ruffled or offended the stranger, but shortly after Damian took his leave of Laurisheim, disappearing as quietly and mysteriously as he came; but previous to his departure he signified his wishes to the worthy sexton, respecting the peculiar attention he desired should be bestowed on the rose-trees replanted on the grave whose only memorial was the Christian name of a female. He backed this request by a magnificent guerdon, saying that a similar one would be forthcoming yearly, provided his wishes were well attended to; adding, with a smile, that it would help Johnny to pay for his nephew's schooling.

The little clerk did indeed venture to question the clergyman concerning the departed guest, but he checked him so authoritatively, that Johnny never presumed to take such a liberty again.

More than a year had passed away, the roses were blooming in profusion on Linette's grave, the promised stipend had been duly conveyed to Johannellinus through an unknown channel, and the orphan boy had been placed at a superior school, when a new incumbent succeeded to the living of Laurisheim, aided in the performance of his duties by a curate. This latter personage was affable and communicative, and pleasantly consulted with Johnny respecting the details of reparation and renovation in progress at the old church; he also was the bearer of the now unasked permission of Johnny's flageolet leading the choir. It may readily be imagined that Johnny's heart warmed towards his new friend; never had he felt himself of such importance before, never had his cottage been so honored by a guest since Damian had sojourned there. Often he would exclaim, in the fulness of his heart—

"What a lucky fellow I am! how grateful I ought to be! Here I had *three* wishes, and all are gratified; my boy is becoming a great scholar, my flageolet leads the choir, and the dear old church is beautified. I do declare that if I was asked to wish for something else, I don't know what it could be; except, indeed," he added thoughtfully, "that I knew who my benefactor was."

But now he had found one to whom he might speak, and it was not long ere he disburdened his mind, and related all he knew concerning Damian. The reverend gentleman could afford no definite information; but when they had often conversed together on the subject, a new light seemed to spring up in the latter's mind, and by degrees he unfolded the following facts to the wondering Johnny, leaving him to draw his own inference.

The lord of St. Hubert's Priory held the living of Laurisheim in his own gift; he was known to be an eccentric nobleman, and had not long returned to his native land, after many years' absence. He was unmarried, led a hermit's life, and was signalized by abstruse botanical discoveries. It was whispered that an early tragical story, attending some lost love, had once blighted reason; but nothing was known on that score with certainty.

"But of *this* I can speak positively," continued the narrator, "that it was at St. Hubert's particular request your flageolet, Johnny, usurped the place of a small organ once in contemplation for the old church; its repairs also were accelerated through the same instrumentality. With regard

to the forest scene you accidentally witnessed, when Damian addressed the wild flower, perhaps you are not aware that Linné is the name of a beautiful weed, originally selected by a great botanist to bear his appellation, and that it is also the endearing abbreviation for *Linette*. All attempts to transplant this delicate flower from its woodland solitude have proved failures; it dies immediately; and I have heard that enthusiastic botanists seek the shady forest depths for weeks together, where alone they can examine the shrinking beauty in its full perfection of growth and maturity. Now, friend Johnny, your clever brain may not find much difficulty in solving the problem of Damian's visit to your cottage. Perhaps, also, he entertained private recollections attached to the spot, which peculiarly endeared it to his memory, associating the fair lady of the woods with one who had borne its name in the days of his early and happy youth."

That evening, far down the peaceful valley, were heard the strains of the flageolet, and the prolonged echoes were slow and solemn, so that folks said one to another—

"Johannellinus is practising for the Sabbath—won't it be grand to have such fine church music?"

The roses still continued to bloom on the grave, whose headstone recorded the name of "*Linette*," years after Johnny the Diminutive had found a last resting-place close at hand—years after Johnny's orphan nephew had become a good, a wise, and a great man.

BLACK PHEBE, OF BRUNSWICK.—On Sunday, the 3d of March, there was buried at Brunswick, Maine, a black woman of a remarkable character; and she was highly honored at her death. At her funeral, the assembly, filling the large church near the college, were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Brunswick, in a very appropriate, affecting, and eloquent speech. Her pall-bearers were Governor Robert Dunlap, Dr. Lincoln, of the same class with Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, Professor Packard, and Joseph Kean, Esq., Treasurer of Bowdoin College, &c.; and the principal mourners were Rev. President Allen, with two of his daughters, of Northampton, Mass., who had come 250 miles to attend the funeral. She was buried by the side of her friends, Mrs. Allen, and her daughter, Maria Malleville Allen.

But why were these honors paid to this lowly woman? It was because of her rare attainments as a Christian. It was because she had been for thirty years a worthy member of the church, of Brunswick, and was regarded by her fellow Christians as superior to themselves in the strength of her faith and in a spirit of devotion.

She was born a slave at Beverwyck, near Newark, N. J. In early life she entered as a servant the family of President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College, and lived in his family and that of his daughter, Maria Malleville Allen, the wife of President Allen, of Bowdoin College, 40 years. For the last 18 years she lived alone in her house, and she died alone and suddenly. In the same night, and probably at the same hour, died her friend, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Adams.

This circumstance added peculiar interest and pathos to his discourse. He said, that if his beloved companion (then lying dead, to be buried the next day) could have been permitted to choose an attend-

ant spirit, as she passed through the dark valley, and in her upward flight to the paradise of God, doubtless she would have chosen Phebe—"Black Phebe!" he exclaimed, "she has sometimes been called; but her soul is whiter and purer than the light, and her heavenly garments are more resplendent than the sun shining in his brightness."

It is to be hoped that the eloquent preacher, who was her minister for twenty years, will feel it his duty to prepare, for the benefit of the world, a memoir of Phebe Ann Jacobs.—*Boston Traveller*.

TIECK'S LIBRARY.—The library of this celebrated poet, which was one of the most superb private collections of books in Europe, was announced to be sold at public auction, Dec. 18. Great regret is expressed that such a valuable library, which has been accumulated by the vigilance and taste of the studious poet during so many years, should be scattered. The example of the Empress Catherine is cited, who purchased the library of a distant poet in France at a high price, on condition that the seller should retain the use of it during his life, and receive a salary as Imperial Librarian for taking care of his own collection. Tieck, on the contrary, who has been so much patronized by the royal Mæcenas, must part from his cherished treasures and see them sent away to every part of the world. It is said the auction will be merely a matter of form, as the books have in fact been purchased by the great book-seller Asher, for a mere song. He is the agent of the British Museum, whose director is ready to buy every book not already in that institution, with the ability to bid guineas against guilders with all the librarians of Germany. The library is very rich in the departments of Spanish and English literature especially everything that relates to Shakspeare.—*Tribune*.

From the Spectator.

FETTERED FREE TRADE.

It is a courtesy to call the laws establishing free trade "the triumph of a great principle." In that long struggle men fought for their several interests, as now they estimate the value of the victory solely by the profit or loss it has brought them. Had principle been more concerned in the matter—had our legislation not been in this, as in everything else, empirical—remnants of the old system would not have been suffered to remain in glaring contradiction to the new: for we presume they are not retained merely as vestiges of ancient financial wisdom—as *navvies* in levelling a hill leave standing some slender pyramids of earth by which to estimate the depth they have cut down to, and the quantity of rubbish they have removed. Had principle been more kept in view, it would have been scarcely logical in a minister to congratulate Parliament on "Divi-divi" being henceforth allowed to enter her majesty's dominions free, while any great branch of home industry remained fettered by a heavy duty and vexatious restrictions.

There is an article of indispensable use and universal consumption, on the manufacture of which a large amount of capital is invested; which gives employment to a great number of men and to three times as many women; of which many millions of yards are annually woven in this country; but of which the consumption is burdened by a tax varying from 15 to 30 per cent. on the value; and on which, in the endeavor to prevent the evasion of that tax, such a system of interference and restriction is imposed as would disgrace the commercial legislation of Spain.

Our readers see that we are not speaking of webs of cotton cloth. What chancellor of the exchequer would dare to meddle with calico? And yet it is perhaps easier to conceive society existing, and even flourishing, without calico than without paper. But the manufacturers of the former article are numerous, are congregated in a few localities, are united and determined; the makers of paper are comparatively few, and are more scattered over the country; they are therefore less fitted to unite; and their feeble cry for relief is lost amidst the din and roar of mightier interests surging around the treasury. The operation of the excise-law prevents them from increasing; and the smallness of their numbers is thought a sufficient reason for maintaining the law.

The revenue derived from this tax might be obtained by imposing a duty on the import of rags, aided by some other regulations: but so flagrant a violation of the free-trade principle would not be listened to; and therefore the rags are, at a great expense, placed under the surveillance of officers of her majesty till their transformation into paper; which, clogged and burdened by this jealous interference, escapes at length heavily taxed into the hands of the maker to be sent into the market—not for twenty-four hours

more, to give another officer of her majesty time to consider whether to prevent fraud he will re-examine and reweigh it! Will not a Richard Cobden arise among the papermakers?

To estimate properly the pernicious effects of this tax, we must observe it entering into the cost of those cheap publications calculated chiefly for the poorer classes. Among those who have most honorably distinguished themselves in this branch of literature, are the well-known publishers Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh; and we find them stating, in a petition to the House of Commons, that because of this duty, which rendered the speculation unprofitable, they had been compelled to abandon the publication of a periodical of which they issued 80,000 copies weekly. The price was a penny, and the paper-tax amounted to a sum which debarred these gentlemen from communicating with the large class they had chosen to address; denied to their readers the cheap intellectual food that their means enabled them to purchase; and deprived the papermaker, the type-founder, the printer, of that employment which the weekly circulation of 80,000 papers would have given them. This, too, in a country where a redundant population is one of the chief sources of anxiety to its rulers, and where the exportation of men and women is both the philanthropical and the economical question of the day. But the characteristic of an Englishman is sound practical sense. He mends what is wrong, and cares nothing for systems or symmetry. His legislation is patchwork. He walks among the nations as a teacher of the doctrines of free trade, and at home retains the excise! He is earnest in promoting the instruction and improvement of the humbler classes, and imposes a heavy duty on paper, by which chiefly that instruction is conveyed.

Our exports are among the surest indications of the prosperity of our manufactures:

*Hic patet ingeniis campus, certusque merenti
Stat favor—*

and in this wide field those products of our industry which we have neither fostered by legislative protection nor crushed by legislative interference have triumphed over every competition. For them the world is our tributary. It is far otherwise with paper, of which even our own colonies now draw their chief supplies from America, France, and Germany. The drawback paid on stationary exported in 1842 amounted to 274,544*l.*, and in 1849 to 264,985*l.*! The Egyptians and the Romans were wont at their feasts to introduce a skeleton to temper their mirth and remind them that they were mortal. Amidst our self-laudation at the commercial freedom we have achieved, and our contemptuous pity for the suicidal restrictions of Spanish and Russian tariffs, it may teach us humility to reflect that we maintain in England the burden of a tax on the chief vehicle of knowledge, by the oppressive machinery of an excise.

At a meeting of paper-makers, authors, publishers, and printers, held in Edinburgh, in January, to promote the object of repealing the excise-duty on paper, some interesting statistics were exhibited, by Mr. William Chambers, Mr. Durham, and Mr. Charles Cowan, M. P.

The duty on paper, amounting to three halfpence per pound, does not materially affect the more expensive class of publications—it does not exceed 3d. or 6d. a volume; but on cheap publications it becomes a tax of almost 20 per cent. on the value of the paper used. During the five years ending 1848, the Messrs. Chambers paid for paper the sum of 63,425*l.*, and of this sum 14,335*l.* was exacted as duty; they at present pay 1,200*l.* a year to government. A journal published by their firm, which circulated 80,000 copies a week, was abandoned under the pressure of the paper-duty. This step was in effect the abandonment of a business that circulated 18,000*l.* a year in the employment of labor; a sum equal to the maintenance of 600 families at 12*s.* a week, or 2,400 of the population. On the coarse paper used by tradesmen for wrapping their retailed goods the duty amounts to 70 or 80 per cent. of the original cost, and “40 per cent. on the combined cost”—out of every 10*l.* paid, 4*l.* is exacted as duty. This amounts in large iron-mongery businesses to a tax of more than 200*l.* a year; in the grocery business the grocer escapes by weighing with the sugar, &c., which he sells, the heavy absorbent paper which wraps it; but the burden is thus thrown on the poor man, and is onerous in proportion to his poverty—in proportion to the smallness and frequency of his purchases. While the man in comfortable circumstances orders forty pounds' weight of sugar at once, the poor man comes for it in forty or eighty parcels, and he loses at least as much sugar as the weight of all the coarse absorbent paper which is used for wrap-page. A paper has lately been manufactured in France from straw, which could be purchased in the Edinburgh market at 35*s.* or 40*s.* per ton, 1*s.* 9*d.*, or 2*s.* per hundred weight; but upon this material, which would cost less than one farthing a pound, would be charged a tax of three halfpence a pound. The Paris journal *La Presse* is published at 40 francs a year, (365 numbers,) or the smallest fraction above one penny a number. The circulation was lately about 30,000 a day, or about 10,950,000 copies a year, weighing about 342 tons. Our excise-duty of 14*l.* 10*s.* on this quantity would be 5,000*l.*—that is to say, a rate of some 29 per cent. on the whole cost of the paper, and one of 10 per cent. on the gross return of the publication, exclusively of advertisements. The stamp-duty and the paper-duty together would absorb the whole return of the publication. Mr. Cowan, as manufacturer, acceded to Mr. Chambers' opinion that if the excise-duty were removed, and a complete free trade in paper established, we should compete advantageously with France and Belgium, and should supply the colonies on the most favorable terms.

From the Spectator.

CARLYLE'S PRESENT TIME.*

ALL literature is tending to the fugitive and periodical. Our novelists address the world “hot and hot.” The authors of some able, thoughtful, and scholarly books, who call themselves “Friends in Council,” and aim at elevating the tastes and studies of their readers, have abandoned the volume, and are about to say their say in a “People's Review.” Even Carlyle has undertaken to spur the “stupid” public in a species of periodical all to himself. *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, as at present announced, will appear once a month, “with the Magazines.” The number for February handles the Present Time: March will show up Model Prisons.

At the opening, and occasionally in other places, there is rather too much of the manner of Carlyle without the matter that should support it; and the manner is not effective by itself, as the appearance of effort and affectation requires striking or weighty thoughts to remove attention from its singularity. This objection, however, chiefly applies to the exordium. When the writer is fairly embarked on his course, the original, independent views, the picture-like embodiment of intellectual ideas in a sensible form, and the club-like force of conclusion that distinguish Carlyle, are all found, if not in their perfection, at least sufficiently perfect to give great interest to the survey of the Present Time.

The scheme or division of this survey is three-fold. Mr. Carlyle first passes in review the various efforts that have been made for some years past by revolutionists or agitators to improve the condition of the world; and pronounces them nought. He next proceeds to examine the means by which they principally sought to accomplish their ends; and declares them useless, or worse than useless, for the purpose. Democracy, universal suffrage, ballot, and the various mechanical, material, or systematic projects of representation and what not, can answer no other end than to make the phantasm-governors and governed go harmoniously together to perdition. The wise are few in number, the fools or unwise many; and it is a law of universal nature that the feeble foolish many must be led and commanded by the wise few. Democracy in America has yet done nothing except raise produce—a very important but not a very lofty kind of labor; nor has it yet been subjected to trial. In Europe, if democracy go on as it seems to be going, it will before long carry itself and everything with it to the devil. The human world can only be saved by adapting its course to the relations of the universe. What that is, Mr. Carlyle proceeds to explain generally in the third part of his argument, and more specifically as regards England. The last

* *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 1. The Present Time. February. Published by Chapman and Hall. [Reprinted by Harper & Brothers, N. Y.]

is done in the form of a speech from "the British prime minister to the floods of Irish and other beggars, the able-bodied lackalls," &c.; which is more than once interrupted by "all manner of economists, emancipationists, constitutionalists," &c. The regenerating minister proposes to enlist the whole of the lackalls into a labor army, to drill them to work upon the waste lands of other countries, [our colonies,] and the waste or improvable lands of the British Islands; and if they will not work, to punish them by martial law, even to the extent of shooting them. In other words, the specifically pointed-out remedy of Mr. Carlyle is for the state to settle the waste lands of our colonies, to improve the improvable lands at home, and operate sanatorily upon our great cities, by the direct employment of paupers, with the discipline and the coercive means of an army.

It would be superfluous to say that Mr. Carlyle's attack upon existing evils, and the selfish, timorous, canting, save-trouble spirit of the age, are better than his own suggestions. In any plan of reform two things are essential. One, that the object sought should be attainable by the means proposed; which in the present case will be disputed by numbers and may fairly be doubted by all. The other is, that if proposed by authority, with the intention of carrying it, public opinion could be brought to consent to the plan; which may fairly be doubted too.

Mr. Carlyle hits all round—whig, liberal, liberal conservative, radical, philanthropist—all come in for a share. He is besides a hard hitter, and may not escape himself without return blows. The following remarks on democracy and the "Model Republic" will not make friends everywhere.

Historically speaking, I believe, there was no nation that could subsist upon democracy. Of ancient republics, and *Demoi* and *Populi*, we have heard much; but it is now pretty well admitted to be nothing to our purpose; a universal-suffrage republic, or a general-suffrage one, or any but a most limited-suffrage one, never came to light, or dreamed of doing so, in ancient times. When the mass of the population were slaves, and the voters intrinsically a kind of *kings*, or men born to rule others; when the voters were real "aristocrats" and manageable dependents of such—then doubtless voting, and confused jumbling of talk and intrigue, might, without immediate destruction, or the need of a Cavaignac to intervene with cannon and sweep the streets clear of it, go on; and beautiful developments of manhood might be possible beside it, for a season. Beside it, or even, if you will, by means of it and in virtue of it, though that is by no means so certain as is often supposed. Alas, no; the reflective constitutional mind has misgivings as to the origin of old Greek and Roman nobleness; and indeed knows not how this or any other human nobleness could well be "originated" or brought to pass, by voting or without voting, in this world, except by the grace of God very mainly. * * *

Of America it would ill beseech any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great and in

many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough, these hardy millions of Anglo-Saxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and, with the axe and plough and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seed-fields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world; doing in their day and generation a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a Model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said.

There is truth, we fear, however unpalatable it may be, in the remarks on needlewomen. The poor often render their poverty worse by improvidence, and keep themselves poorer than they need to do, by want of skill, attention, and by undue expectations. The "persons who have seen better days" rather shrink from publicly seeking work, partly from a principle of reserve and shame, partly from the pride that dictated the lines of Burns.

Many things have been written about shirtmaking; but here perhaps is the saddest thing of all not written anywhere till now, that I know of. Shirts by the thirty thousand are made at twopence-halfpenny each; and in the meanwhile no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer. In high houses and in low there is the same answer: No *real* needlewoman, "distressed" or other, has been found attainable in any of the houses I frequent. Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages, and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it, a fond imagination of the mind. Good sempstresses are to be hired in every village; and in London, with its famishing thirty thousand, not at all, or hardly. Is not no-government beautiful in human business? To such length has the leave-alone principle carried it, by way of organizing labor in this affair of shirtmaking.

From the Spectator, 16th February.

"LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT"—BY THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's exposition of colonial policy has been well received by the public. It comes up to the general opinion and wish. This country, so far as it cares at all about anything beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, desires that our colonial empire should be preserved, by all means which are neither costly nor warlike; and it believes that of these, the most efficient, as well as the gentlest and cheapest, is the grant of local self-government to the colonies. From all the parties in the House of Commons there were cheers of assent when Sir William Molesworth said, "Let us have faith in our colonists: let us believe them to be rational people, capable of understanding their own local affairs better than we can; and let us accordingly bestow on them

the uncontrolled management of their local affairs as distinguished from those of the empire." And all this Lord John Russell's speech promised, in large, emphatic, unmistakable words. From whatever cause, producing its effect in February, 1850, the colonial policy of the British government, as set forth by the prime minister, is just that which opinion both at home and in the colonies wishes to see realized. A more unexceptionable declaration of views and intentions was never uttered by prince or minister.

But we must now proceed to a very curious feature in this matter, which moreover illustrates the necessity, with a view to good colonial government, of letting the colonies manage their own affairs in their own way, uncontrolled by any distant authority. The British public—so far always as it has cared to form any opinion on the subject—probably believes that the principles declared by Lord John will be realized by the measure which he described for giving new constitutions to the colonies of Australia; and Lord John himself appears to be sincerely of that opinion. He spoke as if he had no doubt that the Australian government bill of last year, now reproduced by him with scarcely an alteration of moment, is really and truly a measure for giving to the colonies the uncontrolled management of their local affairs; and in so viewing it the British public agrees with him. Is it so, or is it not? Suppose it to be a measure which really and truly preserves the present authority of the Colonial Office over the local affairs of the colonies in question. If it is so—if both the British public and the prime minister of England have so completely mistaken the nature of a colonial measure purporting to be of the very highest importance—here is a remarkable proof, in addition to the many which existed before, that neither minister nor Parliament nor public, in these islands, is capable of usefully handling the affairs of distant colonies, but that all are disqualified for the task by a natural incurable carelessness. But which is this bill—one of real local self-government, or one for maintaining the distant authority of Downing Street in local matters? If any reader in this country can seriously attend for a moment, he will see that Lord John's declarations and his measures are totally at variance.

The bill makes a constitution for five colonies; or rather it extends to four of them the present constitution of New South Wales, which it preserves for that colony. Under this constitution there is a legislature consisting of two branches—the council and the governor. The council is composed of two classes of members, two thirds of them being elected, and the other third appointed by the governor: it is as if 436 members of the House of Commons were elected and 218 appointed by the executive. The governor or head of the local executive, who thus appoints one third of the council, is himself appointed and removable by the Colonial Office. All offices in the colony are in the appointment of the governor—

that is, of the Colonial Office, whose servant he is. The assent of this servant of the Colonial Office is indispensable to all acts of the legislature; and he can reserve acts for assent or disallowance by the Colonial Office. Being himself an essential portion of the legislature, and having the appointment of a third of the other portion, as well as of all executive officers, he is bound to obey whatever instructions he may receive from the Colonial Office in London. We are stating facts. Let the bill be examined, and there they will be found. They may be incredible, but there they are. Excepting as the elective *form* is so far admitted into the constitution of these colonies as to provide for impediments to legislation, and for discord between the executive and a portion of the legislature, all local authority and power is, ostensibly as well as really, secured for distant Downing Street: it is the "local self-government" of antipodean colonies by an authority resident in London: the difference between the declaration of principles and the measure proposed is one of contradiction in words and complete opposition in substance.

We have said that Lord John intends to bestow upon these colonies government which shall be of and belonging to the place—local self-government, not government by antipodean Downing Street. Then why not do so? Why fill these Australian constitutions with provisions which preserve for Downing Street the reality of power in the colonies? Is it in order to preserve the patronage? That motive may have weighed; and the excessive dislike of Downing Street itself to promote its own extinction by parting with its distant local authority, may have been brought to bear on the prime minister, as it appears to have been completely infused into his weaker-minded colonial colleague; but a less discreditable motive may be attributed to both of these ministers for meaning one thing and doing another. The permanent part of the Colonial Office—the sitting part—the "Bumbureaucracy," as the *Times* used to call it—is at its wits' end for devices to preserve its authority over the half-rebellious colonies; and its last device is the following argument.

It would be monstrous to hand over to local jurisdiction in the colonies those matters which regard imperial interests and honor: these subjects of authority must be guarded from colonial interference: in order to keep them exclusively within imperial jurisdiction, it is requisite to maintain a large amount of imperial control over the colonial governments: in order to preserve the honor and interests of the empire from damage by the colonial governments, we of the imperial Colonial Office in Downing Street must retain an absolute power over one third of the legislative council, over the other branch of the legislature, and over all the executive authorities in the colony. This control by us is necessary, not with a view to local matters in the colony, but with a view to imperial matters in the colony. You cannot

draw any clear line of distinction between local and imperial matters in the colony: to do so is simply impossible. Therefore, in order to maintain imperial control over imperial matters in the colony, you must preserve for us the imperial Colonial Office, control over local matters *also*. The determination from time to time of what matters in the colony are imperial and what local, must be left to our judgment—to the “unfettered discretion” of an imperial authority. In order that such discretion may be unfettered, we must possess a lawful control over *all* matters. Therefore, these constitutions, whilst they profess to give local self-government to the colonists, carefully preserve the local authority of this office. That it should be so is a necessity belonging to the nature of things.

The argument is sound except in one particular. It assumes the impossibility of separating imperial and local subjects of government. If these could be separated, there might be real self-government as regards local matters, and, separately from that, imperial authority in the colony as regards imperial matters there. Is the separation impossible? It used to be, somewhat rudely indeed, but still sufficiently accomplished, under that old English system of municipal government for dependencies which founded thirteen colonies in North America; and it is very completely and satisfactorily established as between the numerous states of the American Union and their general or imperial government. That may be, says Downing Street, with regard to the United States; but it is impossible for the British empire: if you attempted it, there would be perpetual collision between the colonies and the mother-country. For example, if the constitution of Canada had expressly reserved for imperial control all questions relating to high treason, which is a crime against the empire, the rebellion-losses-indemnity measure would have led to such collision. The answer is that if the constitution of Canada had distinctly reserved for imperial jurisdiction, or had as distinctly placed under local jurisdiction, such questions as that of giving indemnity to rebels, the risk of collision which actually occurred would have been prevented. As it was, neither party knew exactly what it might do or what it was not competent to do. If questions of this kind had distinctly belonged to the colony, there would have been no outcry in this country, no debates in our Parliament, about the act of the Canadian legislature. If such questions had been as distinctly reserved for the empire, the introduction of the rebellion-losses bill into the Canadian Parliament would have been a measure as *ostensibly* based on imperial consent as it was in fact by Lord Elgin's assent to its introduction. In the actual case, the imperial government assented beforehand to the measure. It might have refused its assent, and so brought on collision. Collision was not prevented by the absence of a distinct separation between imperial and local subjects of government; but the risk of collision would have been less if the constitution

of Canada had distinctly set forth either that the colony might, or that it might not, entertain questions relating to high treason without the consent of the empire. The example, being examined, tells against the view of those who cite it. A thousand more might be adduced, to show how advantageous at least the proposed separation would be if it were possible. Manifestly, such separation, if it were possible, would have a tendency to prevent discord and collision between the colony and the empire—to promote the smooth and harmonious working of both branches of government in a colony: for, indeed, the proposal is to place all authority in imperial matters and all authority in local matters on parallel lines, where it would be impossible for them to meet. This impossibility, then, is one greatly to be desired. Does the other exist? If it does, why does it? Those who assert it offer no proof; they merely assert it. Why should not England do with her colonies what the American Union does with its separate states? If this were done by us as perfectly as it is by them, there would be two governments in every colony—one altogether local both in its legislature and executive, the other exclusively imperial. What the *form* of the local government might be, is a question into which we do not enter now: only let it be wholly local—that is, totally exempt from colonial office control. The other might consist of one or more imperial officers—a lord-lieutenant, lord high commissioner, or viceroy, with his staff, who would be solely responsible to and paid by the imperial government, and who would have the exclusive management of imperial matters. Why not? The question deserves the serious attention of Parliament: for if the alleged impossibility really exists, the unreal concession of local powers which we make to the colonies in the form of representative institutions, will only provoke and enable them the sooner to assert that sovereign independence which too many of them already regard as the only means of escaping from intolerable misgovernment by the distant Colonial Office.

INSECTS AS REMEDIES.—Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood-louse or millepedes, perhaps, alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of colic, no visitor with a dram of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, Hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchafer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them that salutary biter, the *Cantharides*, or Spanish flies of Europe, and the *Meloe Chicorei*, used by the natives of the Celestial empire for the same purpose of drawing off terrestrial humors.—*Episodes of Insect Life*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GOTHA ALMANAC.

MODERN historians, politicians, and newspaper editors, owe a thousand obligations to a compact pocket-annual, which has been printed and published for the last eighty-seven years in Prince Albert's birthplace. For its size—(it is only about 5 inches by 4; and, though it contains some 800 pages, is not inconveniently thick)—the “Almanach de Gotha” is one of the most remarkable periodicals extant. But being a calendar of states and nations, the volume for 1850, recently imported, is made more remarkable than most of its predecessors, from the changes in principalities and empires which the past year has produced. This is in some measure attested by the fourteen densely-printed pages of “*additions et changements*,” occasioned by events which took place while the edition was passing through the press.

The Almanach de Gotha brings the political, statistical, and historical geography of nearly the world in general down to the latest date. Immediately succeeding the usual monthly calendar is a genealogy of each European sovereign, with a list of his living relations. Then comes a catalogue of such offshoots of royalty in every part of Europe as are not regnant—together with their collaterals. So that if you wish to find out the precise degree of consanguinity enjoyed by the remotest cousin to royalty, this almanac will give the requisite information. To each head of a family is added short statistical notices of the extent, revenues, and number of inhabitants in their various possessions.

The next department—the *annuaire diplomatique*—enables the inquirer to learn the name of every prominent governmental employé not only in Europe, but in both the Americas. It ranges in alphabetical order of each nation all the ministers of the principal European and American, and some of the Asiatic states, together with the ambassadors and diplomatic agents. The statistical particulars are extremely comprehensive; no words are lost; but every detail which the diplomatist or politician may wish to learn at a glance is cleverly compressed. Not only are the boundaries, extent, dependencies, &c., of every kingdom and principality marked down from the latest treaties, but the population of each is enumerated from the most recent censuses. Where the representative system exists, the proportion of representatives to the people is also computed. The regal, diplomatic, military, and naval expenditure, with the amount of debt, funded or unfunded, and interest payable thereon, is, moreover, set in each instance against the revenues.

The slippery condition of the political world has evidently put the editor's ingenuity to a severe test, and we cannot but admire the skill with which he has conquered the difficulty. Lest a dynasty should be changed, a ministry overturned, or a parliament abolished while his printers are at work—and thus falsify his labors when but just con-

summated—he has put a date to each page; so that he only holds himself responsible for the state of things he sets down at these precise “presents.” Indeed, he is so particular on this point, that he tells us in the preface the exact time his work occupied in being printed. “The impression,” he says, “commenced on the 9th of July, and ended on the 20th of September.” For his statements respecting principalities and powers between those dates he pledges his reputation; but will not answer for the future, nor even for what may happen while his sheets are drying. To show what mighty changes were in progress while that simple process was in operation, it is only needful to refer to the copious “additions.” Even in this the editor has not been able to overtake the existence of the newly-erected sable “empire” of Hayti.

There is, however, a more sweeping perplexity which the pains-taking editor has had to grapple with, it being one involving a vital principle. The Almanach de Gotha, it will be readily inferred, has ever been a right royal publication; its very life-blood has been infused into it by kings and princes. Indeed, its earliest numbers contained scarcely anything more than a list of the reigning houses in Europe, the birthdays of kings and queens, the dates of their accession and their lineage. Conceive, then, the hesitation and distaste with which the chronicler of kings must have been obliged at last to admit into his gazetteer—a republic. Except in the case of Switzerland, (which has its special exceptions,) the very name of such a form of government has been necessarily ignored by this regal record until the present year. To leave out France was of course impossible. Yet as titles are abolished in that country, the main point of interest for this book would have been taken away but for the graceful manner in which the editor fills up this important hiatus. “Despite,” he says in his preface, “the abolition of titles of the nobility which has been decided by the most recent revolution in France, (I avoid,” continues the learned gentleman in an arch parenthesis, “the expression *the last*.) I have reproduced in the Almanach the names of the illustrious French families which have hitherto figured in it. A decree may indeed for a time suppress the use of certain titles, but can it destroy the historic importance, efface the noble reminiscences which the heritors of these names preserve and call up? I doubt it.” With this flattering unction, the author—following the rule, that whenever a concession is contemplated, it should be yielded gracefully and unreservedly—has adorned his present year's labors with a portrait of the president of the French republic; but, like Gregory in “Romeo and Juliet,” in order “to have the law on his side,” he quotes the paragraphs of the constitution by which the president and vice-president are elected. The other portraits are those of the young Emperor of Austria, (Francis Joseph,) Marshal Radetzky, Alexandra, Grand Duchess of Russia, and the King of Holland.

Having admitted the principle of republics in

general, the compiler has patronized those of America, North and South, with copious notices; and which, by the law of alphabetical arrangement, take precedence, and stand first in the *annuaire diplomatique*. This rule has not been, however, inflexible, as we shall presently see.

From the causes we have adverted to, the novelties in this edition of the *annuaire statistique* are more striking than in any former volume. Out of the maze into which the revolution in Italy has tangled the numerous states of that country, the editor has managed to define and apportion them to their various owners with praiseworthy clearness. The late federal constitution of Switzerland, which has put a new political face on that country, rendered the stereotypes of the former almanacs quite useless, and the article in the present volume is as entirely new as if Switzerland had been a country just discovered. The closing portion of the almanac is a chronicle of the principal events which have transpired in various parts of the globe from July, 1848, to the end of June, 1849. This annual register, though compact rather than complete, will be found useful for reference.

The history of the Almanach de Gotha, since its first publication in 1763, involves some curious circumstances. As we have already mentioned, at first it was so completely a court calendar for Europe, that in 1792 it declined to admit the existence of the French republic; and continued year after year to print, immediately under the head "France," Louis XVII. as the reigning monarch. The moment, however, Napoleon became right royal, and, by being proclaimed emperor, qualified himself for a place in its pages, he figured in them, together with his whole family, down to his remotest cousins. So important an engine of public opinion did this conqueror deem the little Gotha annual, that when French dominion attempted to force the French language into the literature and law of Germany, it succeeded in putting this work into a French dress; in which, from expediency, it has ever since remained. Previously it had been issued solely in the German language. It was then that statistics and the diplomatic lists were first registered by the command of Napoleon, who almost became its editor; for he exercised a stringent supervision over the printers. In 1808 an edition had just been worked off, when a body of French gendarmes entered the office, and, without condescending to give a word of explanation, destroyed the whole impression. The editor trembled, submitted, and hurried off to Paris. There he learned his offence—which was, simply, that in obedience to the same alphabetical law which has induced him this year to usher in kingdoms and principalities of ancient date with a young republic, he had opened the Saxon-Ernest line of German princes with Anhalt, while the Emperor Napoleon—by that time "Protector of the Rhenish Confederation"—insisted on being placed at the head of the Rhine nobles; that, in fact, the alphabet should, by his express command,

commence with "N." To insure these orders being carried out, the edition for that year was reprinted in Paris. Whether the imperial editor revised the proof-sheets of succeeding numbers is not stated; but certain it is that the chronology of the Almanach de Gotha is utterly silent on the successes of the allies in the volumes in which these ought to have been detailed. According to its records, the battle of Trafalgar and the Peninsular campaigns were either a blank or a dream. On the other hand, during the power of Bonaparte, these chronicles were almost exclusively occupied with his deeds, and with the triumphs of his *grande armée*. Portraits of his relatives adorn every number, to the exclusion of most others.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, however, the editor—once more installed at Gotha—took courage, and ventured a portrait of the prince-regent of England; but it was not till after the battle of Waterloo, and the total overthrow of his editor-in-chief, that he dared to mention the previous victories of the allies, which he at last acknowledged very handsomely in a historical *résumé*.

From that time the Almanach de Gotha has rapidly augmented in bulk, but in a far less proportion than it has increased in utility; and it may now be regarded as the most complete register of the kind in existence.

FOWLERS AND WELLS.—One of the most curious places to visit in the city, which is at the same time a proof of what may be done by energy and perseverance, is the phrenological cabinet of Messrs. Fowlers and Wells in the Clinton Hall Buildings, Nassau street. This establishment may be considered as the head quarters of the phrenological and physiological propaganda of this country, where all who are interested in the Science of Human Life, as it is called, may find something to suit their tastes. It occupies two large rooms in the ground floor of the building, one of which is devoted to the business of publication, and the other to the collection of heads, busts, skulls, and whatever else may illustrate the doctrine of Gall and Combe. The student of nature will find in the latter, besides a large variety of the heads of eminent men of all nations, many interesting specimens in the department of comparative anatomy, &c.

The publications of this house consist of the Phrenological Journal, a monthly magazine, which circulates over twenty thousand copies; the Water Cure Journal, which also has a circulation of some fifteen or twenty thousand copies, and the Spirit of the Age, a weekly paper, edited by Mr. W. H. Channing. But, in addition to the periodicals, Messrs. Fowlers and Wells issue a large number of books, mainly devoted to the subjects in which they are specially engaged. Indeed, we see it stated in one of their late circulars that they have published nearly fifty millions of pages within the last year.

This immense and flourishing establishment was begun a few years since upon almost nothing, and has become, through the enterprise of its managers, one of the most extensive in its operations now in the city.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

FANCIED ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THE clock ticking at my room-door gave the old year five minutes warning. The fire, which had mined itself into a red glowing oven, arched with volcanic crust, suddenly, as if startled by the sound, gave way, and fell in with a crash; and, roused from a train of musings, I quitted my chair, and went to the window to look out on the year's last midnight. It was a very dreary one, and made more spectral by a high wind that set the skeleton trees creaking and moaning, and went searching and complaining about the empty shores; the dark sky closed down upon the dark ocean—two mingling, mighty seas of gloom; and there could be seen, moving in the upper darkness, dim bulks of black cloud swimming in the current of the blast, like great fishes in the water depths.

There came a whirring in the clock—the old year's death-rattle; and then his passing-bell began to toll—twelve slow, solemn strokes. The last vibrations diminished away into nothing. I said to myself, "The night mourns for the death of the year."

At that moment the wind blew against the pane with a sudden gust, and I spoke aloud to it—"Fellow-mourner, I, too, am lamenting for the year." Then all at once I began to be aware of meaning modulations and syllables among the roar and the sighing of the storm; not as though the language shaped itself from the confusion, but as though it sprang out from the midst like a spurt of thin, steady flame, from rolling smoke. It said, "We never mourn."

But I answered, "O, Wind, even in the summer-time I have caught a tone of grieving in your voice; and night after night, since the near-drawing of winter, have I not heard you passing to and fro with continual groans, and shrieks, and sighs; joining yours to the lamentations of the leaves, dropping, like tears, from the branches, and rustling piteously in their struggles to keep themselves with short flights but a little longer from their rotting grave on the ground; and to the songs of sorrow flowing from full beds of river and rivulet brimmed with rain, the funeral cups of autumn?"

The Wind replied, "It is I who bear you their voices. Listen better."

Then I heard the last of the withered leaves saying, "We found equal pleasure in our yellow-and-orange clothes as in our green ones; and we change into air and water upon the soft ground as cheerfully as we peeped out from our rocking cradles when the gentle spring awakened us."

The River said, "I hasten from the mountains; I know not, I care not whither. I am now-a-days familiar enough with the bare bushes that in their proud summer richness nodded to me from far above; the shallow stones are hid, but I am raised to be playmate of the rocks and the bridge-piers; and I have more smooth deeps to see the clouds plainly with, and the stars and the moon, of a still night. Winter is as gay as summer, and summer as winter."

And the Wind said to me, "Join not us to thy sorrows in vain thought, for we reck nothing of them."

"And yet," I replied, (unwilling to be put down in argument, even by the wind,) "methinks that still, though my ears have become refined, I have not ceased to hear in your rushing, and mingling

with the voice in which you speak to me, the sound as of lamentations, and shrieks, and sobs, and groaning, and shouting; or rather, I recognize them more plainly than ever before. Art thou, then, like one of us, trying to conceal and to deny thy sorrow?"

The Wind made answer, "Not so; but into me and through me wave unheeded the noises of the earth; they float hither and thither, reflected and driven about, till they subside or annul one another, giving place to the ever-new succession." And from this I understood how it was that I had heard in the wind what seemed like tones of music, murmurings of prayer, sighing breaths of deep love; and (ah! how much more often) sobs, and keenings of grief and great misery, and screams, and passionate monotonies of pain.

"Why do you choose," I said, "O, Wind, to keep so much of *sad* sound floating in your tides?"

The Wind said, "I choose it not. It comes and goes;" and this answer made me very sorrowful when I thought of it.

At that moment even, there came, laden with sad sound, a gust across the hills of the shore and the dark fields, and flew over the house, and through it, with a shriek and a long sighing; and I said, "Tell me more, however. What is that?"

The Wind answered, "I hear that from a ship sailing upon the sea."

"Ah!" sighed I, "these wailings were in the tones of my own land; they rise from hearts that love their homes, and shall never see them again. But the plaint of those that stay behind in starvation, and in blank struggling, and in despair; is not that still more sorrowful?"

The Wind replied, "It is sounding through me day and night."

"Listening so often," I resumed, "to the storms and the piping gales, I never before knew aught of their interpretation. How many strange meanings must have been blown about in those of the past year, had my sense been but acute enough to have distinguished them!"

"Sweet, and grand, and awful sounds," said the Wind, "have I carried by your ear, unheeded; or, mayhap, suggesting thoughts whose source was all unguessed. Sweeping past the lit cathedral windows, I have caught up the portion of a royal requiem, and over land and sea, traversed in a thought, breathed a faint memory of the solemn choir and organ into the musings of your solitary fireside.

"I have waved your hair, and gone by with a gentle murmur, far-borne from tens of thousands of acclaiming voices, that hailed the dawning of a queen upon their land, as of a fair-omened star.

"On many a stormy night I have whirled against your rain-lashed windows, and sent piercing through its chinks the cry from a foundered ship; a cry hurried off by the fierce torrent of air one moment before the deadly breakers engulfed those who gave it utterance.

"And in the summer's afternoons I have moved the hill-side grass where you lay looking up and up among the small white clouds, with sighs and sobs from myriads of death-beds; many more than the wonted number, and more sudden and sad.

"And in lively gales I have carried you the tone of a shout of liberty, echoed from ancient temples and palaces, and elsewhere from more ancient forests and mountains; and then confused reverberations of battle; and following these, ere long, a widely-muttered groan, as from the despair of nations regiven to the oppressor."

"Is then," I cried, "the mournfulness we hear in ye, all our own?" And the answer came, as from a departing voice—"Aye!—were man's self happy, he would find no sorrow in us."

Then I said, "But where there is no sorrow, can there be any HOPE?"

The voice answered, as from far off, "We hear that word often spoken; but we understand not what it means."

Then I called out loudly, raising my arms, "Our sorrow then is our exaltation! Let us rejoice, and give thanks for it!"

There was no further answer, and the faintest sound of the wind-voice that had talked with me died away in the distance.

But immediately methought I heard approaching from the other side, and growing louder and louder, a sweet, strong chord of music; and soon upon the night-air swelled a chorus, as of heavenly voices blent together, in a strain that was at once cheerful and solemn. Whilst I listened, all soreness of thought was soothed away from my mind, and the wordless wisdom of the harmony showed me experience of sorrow, the source of deep peace and inexpressible contentment.

The next thing was, that I began to say to myself, (yawning,) "You should certainly betake yourself to bed without delay, for your fire is quite out; and it must be past one o'clock." And wishing the world "Happy New Year!" and "Good night!" in one breath, I went to bed accordingly.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

ANGELIC GUARDS.

BY REV. J. B. STEELE.

Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.—2 Kings vi. 8—23.

THE Syrian host at midnight hour
Came softly o'er the field,
And round the city placed their power,
Of chariot, horse, and shield;
And silently the cohort waits,
Till morning dawns, before the gates.

And why has Syria's monarch sent
His chosen army down,
At midnight hour to spread the tent
Before a peaceful town?
That martial host their way have trod,
To bind in chains one man of God.

A wall of spears, in thick array,
Around the town arose;
The citizens unguarded lay,
In innocent repose,
Nor knew till morn dispelled the gloom,
And shone on helm, and shield, and plume.

Myriads of lances in that hour
Gleamed in the prophet's eye;
That eye beheld a greater power,
An army in the sky.
Elisha stood th' approaching shock,
Firm and unmoved as Zion's Rock.

Not so that morn the youthful saint,
That stood before the seer;
His faith was weak, his heart was faint,
His soul was filled with fear;
"O, who, my master, can withstand
The might of this surrounding band!"

"To us a stronger power is given
Than Syria's monarch boasts;

Our troop is marshalled in the heaven,
Our head the Lord of hosts.
Unseal, O God, the servant's eye,
To see our heavenly panoply."

Chariots and horses rushing came,
And filled the mountain's brow;
The youth beheld the host of flame,
And trusts and triumphs now;
"O, who may brave Jehovah's ire,
Who comes with horse and wheels of fire!"

The Syrian spears, like forest wood,
The prophet of the Lord
Inclose. Serene Elisha stood,
And conquered with a word;
"With darkness, Lord, the people smite:"
And all that host were lost in night.

He led them like a feeble flock,
Within Samaria's walls;
And there to Israel's God and Rock,
Again the prophet calls;
"Unseal their eyes;" and all that band
Beheld their power in Israel's hand.

Dismissed in peace, the Syrian king
Laid spear and helmet down,
And owned that 'neath Jehovah's wing
Was sheltered Israel's crown;
And knew that horse, and shield, and sword,
Were things of nought before the Lord.

The hosts of earth, the gates of hell,
Mount Zion's peace oppose;
Celestial armies, marshalled well,
The church of God inclose;
And earth and hell are feeble things,
In presence of the King of kings.
New York, Jan. 12th, 1850.

From the Evening Post.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY P. T. WRIGHT.

SITTING thus, how oft at midnight,
Melancholy and alone—
Not a heart to beat responsive
To the throbbing of my own—

Comes the dim past up before me
In a solemn, sad review,
Days of gladness, days of sorrow;
O, the picturing how true!

Boyhood's happy recollections
Deeply graven on my heart,
Ere a grief had crossed its threshold,
Ere it knew of worldly art.

Then the image of my Ida,
Angel of my youth, appears;
Beautiful she stands beside me,
After lapse of many years.

Once again her form enfolding,
Her sweet lips are pressed to mine,
Her blue eyes in mine upgazing
With a trust and love divine.

Closer to my heart I press her,
Dearer still she seems to me,
Dreamingly again caress her—
Waking find it fantasy!

Find the moonbeams brightly playing
Where, 'neath heaps of drifted snow,
In the cold and quiet grave-yard
Ida slept so long ago.

From the New York Tribune.

The Works of the late Edgar Allan Poe; with Notices of his Life and Genius, by J. R. LOWELL, N. P. WILLIS, and R. W. GRISWOLD. In Two Volumes. New York: J. S. Redfield.

If we were disposed to point a moral with the exhibition of the errors of wasted genius, we could not be furnished with more fruitful materials than are presented in these volumes. Judging from their contents, which is the only means we possess of forming an estimate of Mr. Poe, he was a man of extraordinary boldness and originality of intellect, with a power of sharp and subtle analysis that has seldom been surpassed, and an imagination singularly prolific both in creations of beauty and of terror. The ingenuity, with which he combines the delicate filaments of thought into what seems a compact and substantial texture, is a perpetual surprise. His ability in the sphere of artistic invention was sufficient to have insured him a permanent fame as a writer of romance or dramatic poetry, had the truthfulness of his intellect been in proportion to its energy. The skill with which he throws an air of probability over the most absurd, and often the most horrible and revolting situations—the apparent good faith with which he weaves up a tissue of complicated details into a plot which beguiles the reader, until he arrives at the audacious denouement, is equalled only by the exquisite propriety and force of the language, which he always selects with the unerring instinct of genius. With these rare gifts of invention and expression, Mr. Poe might have attained an eminent rank in literature, and even have been classed among the intellectual benefactors of society. Unhappily, he had no earnestness of character, no sincerity of conviction, no faith in human excellence, no devotion to a high purpose—not even the desire to produce a consummate work of art—and hence, his writings fail of appealing to universal principles of taste, and are destitute of the truth and naturalness, which are the only passports to an enduring reputation in literature. He regarded the world as an enormous humbug, and, in revenge, would repay it in kind. His mind was haunted with terrific conceptions, which he delighted to embellish and work up, by the aid of his preternatural analysis, into the strangely plausible fictions, which at length disgust the reader with their horrible monstrosities. The effect of his writings is like breathing the air of a charnel house. The walls seem to sweat with blood, we stumble on skulls and dead men's bones, and grinning spectres mock us in the dim sepulchral light. There is no smell of the fresh earth, we see no spring blossoms or autumn fruits, we hear no cattle lowing on the hills, the song of forest birds is hushed, all the blessed sights and sounds of Nature are no more, and some foul, accursed demon is throttling us with his infernal grasp. Even the title of many of Mr. Poe's tales is a nightmare.

If these grim, ghastly creations contributed to any true æsthetic effect—if they were redeemed by any touches of humanity—if their lurid black-

ness were intended to heighten the splendor of any celestial dawn, one might forgive such a horrible play of the imagination to the purposes of the artist. But there is no such apology. Mr. Poe luxuriates in the wantonness of his ingenuity, and evokes the most terrific spectres merely for terror's sake. This would be fatal in any kindred spheres of Art. Conceive of one of those demoniacal scenes being embodied in painting or sculpture! It is equally fatal in literature. And hence these writings (we refer particularly to the prose articles) bear the seal of early death upon their face.

Many of the poetical pieces contained in these volumes are of a different character. Some of them are remarkable for their limpid smoothness and sweetness. But they are destitute of the freedom, the gushing spontaneity, the inspired, ecstatic burst of soul, which are essential to an immortal song. They show a profound study of the theory and resources of versification, but seem to be composed as an intellectual experiment, not the expression of the rapt spirit, to which poetry is as natural as the "wood notes wild" to the bird. Their prevailing characteristic is an extreme artificiality, a certain cunning skill in construction, and displays of artistic force which have no merit but their ingenuity, like the singular conceit of enveloping the name of a favorite in the mazes of a sonnet. No one can find it till he knows the trick, and when known, it loses its interest.

Mr. Poe's own account of the composition of his most popular piece, "The Raven," lets us into the secret of his methods, unless, indeed, this very confession is a quiz, which, with his monomaniacal love of mystification, is very likely to be the case. At all events, however, it is too curious a specimen of analysis, too characteristic of Poe's refining, hair-splitting intellect, not to reward a moment's attention.

"No one point in the composition of that poem is referable either to accident or intuition; the work proceeded step by step to its completion, with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem." The first point to be settled was the length of the intended poem. This should not be much over one hundred lines, in order that it might be read at a single sitting. A break in the reading would destroy the continuity of the expression. The province of the poem was to be the expression of beauty, not of truth, the satisfaction of the intellect, not of passion, the excitement of the heart. Beauty demands the tone of sadness for its highest manifestation. Thus far the artist has the length, the province, and the tone of the poem. Next he wishes for some artistic piquancy to serve as a key-note in its construction—a pivot on which the whole structure may turn. The use of the *refrain* was at once suggested. But this was susceptible of improvement. As commonly employed, it depends for its impression on the force of monotone, both in sound and thought. He resolved to diversify and heighten the effect by adhering to the monotone of sound, while he continually varied that of

thought; that is, he determined to produce continually novel effects by varying the application of the refrain, while the refrain itself, for the most part, remained unchanged. He was then to decide on the nature of his refrain. It must be brief, for the sake of facility of variation. It must form the close of each stanza, and, in order to have force, must be sonorous and capable of protracted emphasis. This led to the selection of the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most *producing* consonant. Now to select a word embodying this sound, and in keeping with the predetermined melancholy tone of the poem. The word "Nevermore" could not be overlooked, and in fact was the first to present itself. He was now to find a pretext for its continuous repetition. The difficulty in this arose solely from the supposition that it was to be spoken by a human being, since such a monotony of utterance would argue the absence of reason. Hence he must pitch upon a non-reasoning creature capable of speech. The parrot was first suggested. Then the raven. The last was adopted as equally capable of speech, and far more in harmony with the intended tone.

The poet has now the conception of a raven, the bird of ill-omen, monotonously repeating the word "Nevermore" at the close of each stanza, in a piece of one hundred lines, with a tone of sadness. The next question is, What is the most melancholy topic? Of course, the reply is Death. Closely allied with beauty, as in the death of a beautiful woman, it is also the most poetical.

He has, then, the two ideas of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress, and of a raven repeating the word "Nevermore!" Now to determine the application. Here daylight begins to shine on the obscure problem. The raven is to be imagined employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. But the effect would depend on the variation of application. There must be a gradation in the queries and replies, from obvious common-place to superstition and frenzied-self-torture. Thus the climax was decided, or the last query, in reply to which the word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair. Here the poem had its beginning. The last stanza was the first written. Now the lover and the raven were to be brought together. The *locale* being fixed on, as the chamber sacred to the lover by the memories of her who had frequented it, the bird was to be introduced. This being accomplished, everything hastens to the denouement. The successive steps, as they were suggested to his mind, are described by Mr. Poe with the minute circumstantiality of detail with which he gains possession of the reader in the narrative of the most fantastic and monstrous horrors.

Whether this psychological revelation is to be taken in jest or earnest—historically or as a shrewd after-thought—it is singularly illustrative of the tendency of mind to which we have before alluded, and which formed such a disproportionate element in Mr. Poe's intellectual composition.

The announcement on the title-page of these volumes, that they are to contain notices of the life

and genius of their author by J. R. Lowell, N. P. Willis, and R. W. Griswold, is not fulfilled in a manner to satisfy the reasonable expectations of the reader. Mr. Lowell contributes only a short essay, written for one of the magazines a few years since at the request of Mr. Poe. It abounds in admirable criticisms, and fully meets the object for which it was originally designed. But it is not the tribute of one poet to another, which we had a right to look for from the announcement. Mr. Willis gives nothing but an article published in the *Home Journal*, soon after Mr. Poe's death, into which are interwoven some paragraphs of Mr. Griswold's notice of that event in *The Tribune*. We wonder that these gentlemen should have allowed the use of their names to authorize a promise of which there is such a meagre fulfilment.

In spite of the criticisms, which we could not avoid making, if we noticed the subject at all, we need not say that these volumes will be found rich in intellectual excitements, and abounding in remarkable specimens of vigorous, beautiful, and highly suggestive composition. They are all that remains to us of a man, whose uncommon genius it would be folly to deny, and which alone justifies our protracted consideration of his brilliant errors as a literary artist. We cannot doubt that the edition will command a rapid and extensive sale, no less by reason of the undeniable interest of the work, than of the beneficent object to which its avails are consecrated.

From the Tribune.

Voices from the Press. A collection of Sketches, Essays, and Poems, by Practical Printers. Edited by J. J. BRENTON. New York: Charles B. Norton.

THE design of this book is well enough, but it is, to say the least, indifferently executed. The contributions of the craft to literature, science and art, have been various and important, so as justly to constitute printing one of the liberal professions. We read Richardson with a constant recollection of his vocation, and though entertained with his interminable romances, sometimes wish he had kept to his composing stick; but the continental "chapels," from Aldus to Beranger, have been prolific of more illustrious men, in almost every department of intellectual exertion. In this book Willis is quoted, who is really no printer at all; but Franklin, the Bradfords, James Ralph, Isaiah Thomas, Jesse Buel, T. G. Fessenden, Wm. Ray, Wm. L. Stone, Prof. Goddard, William Cox, (author of "Crayon Sketches,") Willis Gaylord Clark, William Leggett, and many others who are dead; and Dr. Francis, Joseph Gales, Joseph T. Buckingham, Isaac Hill, Senator Cameron, Senator Niles, Jacob B. Moore, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Nathaniel Greene, Oliver Johnson, William D. Gallagher, Rev. Dr. McClintock, Rev. C. W. Everest, C. Edwards Lester, Thomas Mackellar, and many other well known writers, are omitted. We advise the editor to try again, and next time to produce a better specimen of printing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON POST.

Boston, January 10, 1850.

I ENCLOSE you copies of five original letters, and extracts, from Benjamin Franklin, which are at your service to publish, if you wish, previous to the anniversary of Franklin's birth-day, which, I notice, is to be celebrated in New York by printers and others, on the 17th. I noticed, not long since, "that no monument to his memory has ever been erected in America." This should not be the case, and the approaching celebration appears to be a suitable time to remind those who may assemble of the fact.

To return to the letters. I believe they were never published, though I have an impression that I have seen one, or one somewhat similar to one, in a newspaper the past year, from a book called Franklin's Familiar Letters—if there was such a work published the past year—though, on inquiry of several book-stores here to-day, they had never heard of such a book.

When a friend of mine was travelling in Ohio many years ago, he was confined by sickness in the family of Mr. G., who had the originals of these letters, and he had permission to copy them. My copy, I presume, was from his copy. The Katy was Katy Ray, who married a Mr. Greene—the last one was to Gov. Greene—the Wards &c., I do not know about—and presume all have passed off the stage.

We have so often seen the busts of Franklin and other of our great men on their pedestals, surrounded with their works, that we are apt to imagine them as more than mortals, and incapable of the care and familiarity of every-day life; and it is pleasant to see such evidences that they could unbend, and were capable of enjoying life as we are. Nor do I think it would detract from the dignity of Washington, if we could have some of his familiar letters, or glances of his youth and home life.

Yours, &c., B.

COPIES OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Philadelphia, March 4, 1755.

DEAR KATY,—I left New England slowly and with great reluctance; short days' journeys and loitering visits for three or four weeks, manifested my unwillingness to quit a country in which I drew my first breath, spent my earliest and pleasant days, and had so many marks of the people's goodness and benevolence, in the kind and affectionate treatment I had everywhere met with. I almost forgot I had a home, until I was more than half-way towards it; till I had one by one parted with all my New England friends, and was got into the western borders of Connecticut, among mere strangers; then, like an old man, who, having buried all he loved in this world, begins to think of heaven, I began to think of and wish for home, and as I drew nearer I found the attraction grew stronger and stronger; my diligence and speed increased with my impatience. I drove on violently, and made such long stretches that a very few days brought me to my own house, and to the arms of my good old wife and children, where I remain at present, thanks to God, well and happy. Persons subject to the hypo complain of the north-east winds as increasing their malady; but since you

promised to send me kisses in that wind, and I find you as good as your word, 'tis to me the gayest wind that blows, and gives me the best spirits. I write this during a N. E. storm of snow, the greatest we have had this winter. Your favors come mixed with the snowy fleeces, which are as pure as virgin innocence, white as your lovely bosom, and as cold; but let it warm towards some worthy young man, and may Heaven bless you both with every kind of happiness. B. F.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11, 1755.

Begone business, for an hour at least, and let me chat with my Katy. I have now before me, my dear girl, three of your favors, viz., March 3d and 30th, and May 1st. The first I received before I set out on my journey, which held me near six weeks: since my return, I have been in such a hurry of public affairs of various kinds, as rendered it impracticable for me to keep up my private correspondence, and that which afforded me the greatest pleasure. You ask me in your letter how I do, and what I am doing, and whether everybody loves me yet. Thank God, I never was better. I still relish all the pleasures of life, that a temperate man can in reason desire, and, through favor, I have them all in my power. This happy situation shall continue as long as God pleases, who knows what is best for his creatures, and I hope will enable me to bear with patience and dutiful submission any change He may think fit to make which is less agreeable. As to the second question, I must confess (but don't be jealous) that many more people love me than ever did before; for since I saw you I have been enabled to do some general services to the country and to the army, for which, both have thanked and praised me, and say they love me; they say so, as you used to do, and if I were to ask any favors of them, would as readily refuse me; so I find but little real advantage in being beloved, but it suits my humor. Now it is nearly four months since I have been favored with a single line from you, but I will not be angry with you, because it is my fault. I ran in debt to you three or four letters, and as I did not pay, you would not trust me any more, and you had some reason. But, believe me, I am honest, and tho' I should never make equal returns, you shall see I keep fair accounts. Equal returns I should never make, tho' I should write by every post; for the pleasure I receive from one of yours is more than you can have from two of mine. The small news, the domestic occurrences among our friends, the natural style, the sensible observations and reflections you make, and the easy, chatty manner in which you express everything, all contribute to heighten the pleasure, and the more, as they remind me of those hours and miles we talked away so agreeably, even in a winter's journey, a wrong road, and a soaking shower.

I long to know whether you have continued ever since in that monastery, or have broke into the world, doing pretty mischief; how the lady Wards do, and how many of them are married or about it; what has become of Mr. B. and lady L., and what is the state of your heart at this instant. But that, perhaps, I ought not to know, and therefore will not conjure, as you sometimes say I do; if I could conjure it, it would be to know what was that oddest question about me that ever was thought of, which you tell me a lady has just sent to ask you.

I commend your prudent resolution in the article of granting favors to lovers. But if I were courting you I could not heartily approve such con-

duct; I should be even malicious enough to say you were too knowing, and tell you the old story of the girl and the miller. I enclose you the song, and with your Spanish letter a translation. I honor that honest Spaniard for loving you; it shows the goodness of his taste and judgment; but you must forget him, and bless some worthy young Englishman. You have spun a long thread, 502 yards—it would reach almost from Bustle Island. I wish I had hold of one end of it to pull you to me; but you would break it rather than come; the cords of love and friendship are longer and stronger, and in times past have drawn me further, even from England to Philadelphia. I guess that some of the same kind will one day draw you out of that island.

I was extremely pleased with the turf you sent me; the Irish people who have seen it say 't is of the right sort, but I cannot learn that we have anything like it here. The cheeses, particularly one of them, were excellent; all our friends have tasted it, and agree that it excels any English cheese they have ever tasted. Mrs. Franklin was very proud that a young lady should have so much regard for her old husband as to send him such a present. We talk of you every time it comes to the table. She is sure you are a sensible girl and a notable housewife, and talks of bequeathing me to you as a legacy; but I ought to wish you a better, and hope she will live these hundred years; for we are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to 'em, that I don't perceive 'em; as the song says—

Some faults have we all, and so may my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small,
And now I am used, they are just like my own,
I can scarcely see 'em at all.

My dear friend, I can scarcely see 'em at all: indeed, I begin to think she has none. As I think of you, and as she is willing I should love you as much as you are willing to be loved by me, let us join in wishing the old lady a long and happy life.

B. F.

Sally says, "Papa, my love to Miss Katy." Don't let those laughing girls put you out of conceit with your spelling; 't is the best in the world, for every letter stands for something.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1755.

DEAR KATY,—Your favor of the 28th June came to hand, but the 23rd Sept., just three months after it was written. I had two weeks before written you a long chat, and sent it to the care of your brother Ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lovely as usual. Let me give you some fatherly advice: Kill no more pigeons than you can eat. Be a good girl, and don't forget your catechize; go constantly to meeting, or church, till you get a good husband; then stay at home and nurse the children, and live like a Christian. Spend your spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cipher. You must practise *addition* to your husband's estate by industry and frugality. *Subtraction* of all unnecessary expenses. *Multiplication*—he will soon make you mistress of it. As to *division*, I say with brother Paul, "Let there be no division among ye;" but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the *rule of two*, I hope you will become as expert in the *rule of three*, that when I have again the pleasure of seeing you I may find you, like my grape vine, surrounded with clusters, plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues, just like their mamma. Adieu, the bell rings, and I must go among the grave ones and talk politics.

B. F.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1763.

I received with great pleasure my dear friend's letter of December 20, which informed me that you and yours are all well. Mrs. Franklin admits your apology for dropping the correspondence with her, and allows your reasons to be good, but hopes when you have more leisure it may be resumed. She joins me in congratulating you on your present happy situation. She bids me say she supposes you proceed regularly in your arithmetic, and that before you got into multiplication you learnt addition, in which you must often have had occasion to say, that I carry one and two make three; and now I have writ this she bids me scratch it out again, but I am loth to deface my letter, so I let it go. * * * I have had a most agreeable time of it in Europe; have in company with my son been in most parts of England, Scotland, Flanders and Holland, and generally have enjoyed a good share of health. If you had asked the rest of your questions, I could more easily have made this letter longer. Let me have them in your next. I think I am not much altered; at least my esteem and my regard for my Katy (if I still may be permitted to call her so) are the same, and I believe will be unalterable while I am,

B. FRANKLIN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 15, 1764.

[Extract.]—I condole with you on the death of the good old lady your mother; separations of this kind from those we love are grievous, but 't is the will of God that such should be the nature of things in this world; all that ever were born are either dead, or must die. It becomes us to submit, and comfort ourselves with the hope of a better life, and more happy meeting hereafter. * * My dame sends her love to you, and thanks for the care you took of her old man; but having bad specs, cannot write at present.

B. F.

Paris, February 23, 1778.

To Governor G****.—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Don't be offended at the word old; I don't mean to call you an old woman; it relates only to the age of our friendship, which on my part has always been a sincerely affectionate one, and I flatter myself the same on yours. I received your kind letter from Boston, of Oct. 28th. It gave me great pleasure, as it informed me of the welfare of you and your family. I continue hearty, as do my two grandsons, who present their respects to you and Mrs. G., being pleased with your remembrance of them. We are all glad to hear of Ray, for we all love him. I have often been concerned for the safety of my friends at Warwick, hearing that the enemy were so near them. I hope your troubles will not be of much longer duration, for though the wickedness of the English court and their malice against us is as great as ever, its hours are shortened, its strength diminished daily, and we have formed an alliance here, and shall form others, that will help to keep the Bull quiet, and make him orderly. I chat, you see, as usual, any how with you, who are kind enough never to criticize any improprieties in my comparisons, or anything else. I see by yours that my sister's grand-daughter is married; I wish the young folks joy and lasting happiness. I pity my poor old sister to be so harassed and driven about by the enemy, for I feel a little myself the inconvenience of being driven about by my friends. I live here in great respect, and dine every day with great folks, but I still long for home and repose, and should be happy to eat Indian pudding in your company and under your hospitable roof.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

TRAITORS AMONG US.

We copy the following from the National Intelligencer.

We have now arrived at a point in the discussion, of the project of a Southern Convention, at which it is proper to call the attention of our readers to certain historical facts, unknown probably to a majority of them, and, what is of more consequence, wholly unknown to such young gentlemen as have come of age within the last twelve or fifteen years, out of whom is now composed no inconsiderable portion of the legislatures of the several States, and indeed of the popular branch of Congress itself. A recurrence to those facts will show that, though the existing agitation in the south has been certainly stimulated by the near approach of the seventh census, yet the *design* with which this agitation has been fomented rather than repressed by certain politicians is anything but *new*. It was entertained by politicians of the same school (calling itself *State Rights*) more than fifteen years ago.

It was earlier than the date given by Mr. Calhoun, that there began an agitation, from the southern quarter, most vigorously carried on through a press in this city, conducted with talent as well as spirit, under the well-remembered title of the "United States Telegraph." There were then going on, at the same time, from 1833 to 1838, two agitations, counter to each other—the pro-slavery from the south and the anti-slavery from the north—the main object of both of which was to accumulate political power by working upon the prejudices and jealousies of the people of the opposite divisions of the north and the south. The most zealous rally was made for a time by those embarked in the southern project, the features of which bore a remarkable resemblance to those which have characterized the course of the present agitation from that quarter. It did not at that time come to a head, as it has done now. But certain it is, when we come to think of it, that, whilst it was in action, it developed the chief features of the agitation which last year sprung up, as it were, from its old roots, viz., *unity of action by the people of the Southern States—a Southern Confederation—and a separation of certain States from the Union.*

Not desiring our readers to take this piece of history upon credit, or to suppose that it is told upon hearsay or upon doubtful authority, we will reproduce two or three passages from the records of the day, which will sufficiently establish the facts indicated.

The Telegraph newspaper, for the year 1833, contains numerous references to this subject. We make extracts from one of them only, as a sample of the whole, which may be found in the *weekly* edition of that paper of the 23d October, as follows:

And *why* is it that the south *do not act together*? Can any southern statesman give any reason *why* the south do not act together? If the bare apprehension that Garrison and Tappan will alarm the south, and force them to act together, has put the whole political hive [in New York] into a ferment, what would be the effect of a *united action in the south*, if all our presses and all our people spoke

one language? If it is seen that we are *one* in sentiment and action, as we are in interest, who would dare invade our rights?

If the movement of Garrison & Co. in New York has been such as to call forth a town meeting, is it not time that the people of the south, who are the owners of this property, should *consult together* as to the steps necessary to protect their firesides? If, in a few short weeks, these agitators have grown so much as to call forth such a meeting, how long will it be before those who approve of the object, but disapprove of the time of Garrison's movement, will be found acting with him? The answer is with every one: they will act with him when they find the majority acting with him; and, judging from the progress of his party, that time will not long be deferred, *unless the south, by a common and united resistance, shall alarm those who control public sentiment, and convince them that, upon this subject at least, there is a common interest and will be a common resistance.*

We entreat every slaveholder to peruse Professor Dew's able essay upon this subject; it will arm the whole south with a firm resolution to resist the "moral influence" which the factionists of the north would diffuse amongst us. It will convince every intelligent reader that slaves are not a curse; that they do not endanger the temporal or spiritual life of the master; and that all that is wanting to protect our property and enforce our rights is a *united resistance* to oppression.

Two years later than this, the "Telegraph" was transferred to Baltimore, and there published under the double title of "The Merchant" and "The Reformer," the first edited by the original editor of the Telegraph, and the other by an able and well-known writer of the state rights' school.

In this paper of the 29th July, 1837, allusion is made to "the *present* [then present] unhappy excitement on the slave question;" the mode proposed "to arrest and head it," being the selection of a southern candidate for the presidency, in opposition to Mr. Van Buren's reelection to a second term, (his first term having then but just commenced.) In favor of which proposition the "Reformer" says:—

It would give satisfaction to the two great divisions of the country. It would restore harmony and good feeling between the north and the south. It would strengthen the bonds of the Union. *It would give quiet and security to the slaveholding interest.*

In the same paper of the 26th August, 1837, may be found the following:

THE UNION IN DANGER.—It would be but closing our eyes against reason and fact, were we to express any other opinion than that the spirit now prevailing generally in the non-slaveholding States openly threatens the union of the States. A large and rapidly increasing body of deluded men have, for years, been engaged in the nefarious attempt to disturb the social relations existing under the constitution, &c.

In the same paper of August 21, 1837, we find a communication under the signature of "John Thompson," the object of which is to recommend the *annexation of Texas*, in connection with the

selection of a southern candidate for the presidency, from which we take the following :

It is in vain longer to delude ourselves with hope. *The great question which must decide the permanency of this Union ALREADY IMPENDS*; and the southern and western States will be untrue to themselves, and degenerate from their sires, *if they fail to throw out their banner from the outer walls, and meet the enemy from the very outset.*

Upon this article the "Reformer" remarks :

As to *Texas and abolition*, we cordially concur with John Thompson in the expediency of meeting the questions at once. The south has borne this wanton and insulting intermeddling in its affairs long enough. We must prepare for the worst, but, at the same time, use every exertion to avoid extremities. We should ask no more than what we are willing to allow to others, and be satisfied with nothing less. Upon these questions the south *must be united as one man, and brace every sinew for the contest.*

Again, demanding the annexation of Texas [eight years before it actually took place] the "Reformer" says :

The subject is one calculated to arouse the attention of this whole Union, and cannot be unceremoniously disposed of in the way proposed. It may be laid upon the table, but it will not sleep there. It will rise up again and again, until it shall secure a fair hearing, and then we shall know *whether twelve States of this Union are prepared to surrender up their rights under the constitution—to bow down at the footstool of abolition, and to doom themselves and their posterity to perpetual imbecility, without a struggle.*

These brief extracts will serve to show the spirit in which the newspapers in the southern interest engaged in this controversy. But heavier metal than this was brought into the field, to which chiefly, at this moment, it is our desire to direct the attention of our readers. It was rather before the date of the preceding extracts that there was written, and carefully and neatly printed at the Telegraph office, in this city, a Romance of love and politics, the latter greatly preponderating, entitled, "*The Partisan Leader*;" the object of which was to prepare the public mind in the south, but especially in Virginia, for the establishment of a southern confederation, in the event of a continuation in office, by reëlection, of President Van Buren and his party. This work was, at the time of its publication, freely, but wrongfully, attributed to Judge Upshur, of Virginia. It was written by another Virginian, of the same politics as the judge, a gentleman of character and ability, and an ardent politician, now no more. We shall not trouble our readers with the story of the work, further than to say that it was written as in anticipation of the history of the future, describing certain things *as having occurred* (remarkably enough) in 1849-50—that is to say, at the time now current—and resulting in adding Virginia to other States which had, at a somewhat earlier period, cast off the yoke of the Union. The story opens with an incident supposed to take place in

October, 1849, but it goes back to the second term of President Jackson's administration, to describe the father of one of the personages of the story, a worthy Virginia gentleman, who had had the weakness to resist the importunity of certain of his friends, at some time between 1835 and 1848, whose views are thus presented :

They remarked the *steady tendency of federal measures to weaken the malcontent States in the south, and to increase the resources of their northern oppressors and those of the general government.* Hence, they feared, that whenever Virginia, or any other of the slaveholding States, should find itself driven to *secession*, the other party, in the confidence of superior strength, might be tempted forcibly to resist the exercise of the right. They thus arrived at the conclusion that *separation, (which they deemed inevitable), to be peaceable, must be prompt.* These ideas had been laid before Mr. Trevor, and in proportion to the urgency with which they were pressed, was his alarm, and his disposition to adhere to the Union. He, at last, had brought himself to believe union, on any terms, better than disunion, under any circumstances. As the lesser evil, therefore, he determined to forget the proclamation, and striving to reconcile himself to all the acts of the administration, he regarded every attempt to *unite the south in support of a southern president, AS A PRELUDE TO THE FORMATION OF A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, &c.*

Mr. Van Buren is supposed to have been re-elected president in 1848-9; and the story goes on :

It was clearly seen that he had determined to use the power thus obtained, and to administer the government solely with a view to the interest of that sectional faction by which he had been supported. "*Vae victis!*"—"Woe to the vanquished!" was the word. It had gone forth; and *northern cupidity, and northern fanaticism, were seen to march, hand in hand, to the plunder and desolation of the south.*

Under these circumstances, the southern States had been, at length, forced to see that the day for decisive action had arrived. They, therefore, determined *no longer to abide the obligations of a constitution, the forms of which alone remained, and having, by a movement nearly simultaneous, SECEDED FROM THE UNION, they had immediately formed a SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.* The suddenness of these measures was less remarkable than the prudence with which they had been conducted. The two together left little doubt that there had been a *preconcert among the leading men of the several States, arranging, provisionally, what should be done, whenever circumstances should throw power into the hands of those whom, at the bidding of the usurper, the people had once driven from their councils.* It is now known that there was such concert. Nor was it confined to the seceding States alone. *In Virginia, also, there were men who entered into the same views.* But, while the president believed that *no decisive step would be taken by the more southern States without her coöperation,** he had devoted all his power, direct and indirect, to control and influence her elections. Of tumultuary insurrection he had no fear. The organized operation of the state governments was what he dreaded, &c.

* See the Richmond Enquirer, January, 1850. "The United States south ask it of her, (to act among the foremost,)" &c.

Further on in the story, (the legislature of Virginia being supposed to be in session.) the author says, on the same topic :

I have already spoken of those men, in each of the southern States, of cool heads, long views, and stout hearts, who, watching the progress of events, had clearly seen the point to which they tended. * * * They had seen that *secession* must come, and that, come when it might, their influence would be proportioned to their past disgraces. Presuming on this, they had consulted much together. *Not only had they sketched, provisionally, the plan of a SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, but they had taken measures to regulate their relations with foreign powers. One of their number travelling abroad, had been instructed to prepare the way for the negotiation of a commercial treaty with Great Britain. One of the first acts of the new confederacy was to invest him publicly with the diplomatic character, and it was at once understood that commercial arrangements would be made, the value of which would secure to the infant league all the advantages of an alliance with that powerful nation.** The designation of a gentleman as minister, who had so long, without any ostensible motive, resided near the court of St. James, left no doubt that all things had been already arranged. The treaty soon after promulgated, therefore, surprised nobody, except, indeed, that some of its details were too obviously beneficial to both parties to have been expected. Not only in war, but in peace, do nations seem to think it less important to do good to themselves than to do harm to each other. The system of free trade now established, which has restored to the south the full benefit of its natural advantages, and made it once more the most flourishing and prosperous country on earth; which has multiplied the manufactures of Great Britain, and increased her revenue, by an increase of consumption and resources, even while some branches of revenue were cut off; and which, at the same time, has broken the power of her envious rival in the north, and put an end forever to that artificial prosperity engendered by the oppression and plunder of the southern States, is such an anomaly in modern diplomacy, that the rulers at Richmond, or even at Washington, might well have been surprised at it.

Did mortal man ever, in a work merely of imagination, written and published thirteen years before, meet with such an exact prefirguration of

the argument and prophecies of his own day as these extracts afford! We could fill a whole page of this paper with extracts equally striking; but will make only one more, out of several passages in "The Partisan Leader," in which the argument of the disaffected presses of the south, at this day, is anticipated as exactly as if the writers had had these papers before them :

"What are the evils of disunion?"

"Weakness, dissension, and the danger to liberty from the standing armies of distinct and rival powers."

"Hence, you have never permitted yourself to look narrowly into the question."

"I never have. I have no doubt of our wrongs; but I have never suffered myself to weigh them against disunion. That I have been taught to regard as the *maximum* of evil."

"But disunion has now come.* The question now is, whether you shall continue to bear these wrongs, or seek the remedy offered by an invitation to join the southern confederacy?" The evils of which you speak would certainly not be increased by such a step. We might weaken the north, but not ourselves. As to standing armies, here we have one among us. The motive which that danger presented is now reversed in its operation. While we remain as we are, the standing army is fastened upon us. By the proposed change, we shake it off. Then, as to dissension, if there is no cause of war now, there would be none then. Indeed, the only cause would be removed, and it would be seen that both parties had every inducement to peace. Even in the present unnatural condition, you see that, the separation having once taken place, there remains nothing to quarrel about."

But, exclaims some conscientious favorer of the Nashville convention project, "this is only a romance, and proves nothing!" Nothing that has actually happened, we agree, but *much* that is necessary to prevent, as far as we can, by exposing to our readers the danger of the Nashville convention project. Far wiser were it to take warning, even from a dream like this, than to stand with folded arms whilst the agitators are hurrying on the country to irremediable ruin! This romance was written by an individual deep in the confidence of the leaders of the so-called state rights' party. A believer in the doctrine of nullification, and deeply wounded by the defeat of that project by the energy of President Jackson and the sober sense of the people, the project of a southern confederation presented itself to the author of this book, through the medium of his association with the master spirits who, even at that day, had conceived this project; and the book was written with the intent, apparently, of working upon the ambition and state pride of his native state, to induce her to take the initiatory step in this disorganizing scheme. If such was its intent, as we see no reason to doubt, the publication not only failed of

* From an article in the January number of the Democratic Review:

"The formation of the cotton states, with Cuba, into a great cotton, tobacco, sugar and coffee-producing union, calling forth the boundless fertility of Cuba, and renovating the West India Islands with the labor of the blacks of the southern states, in those hands in which their labor and numbers have thriven so well, and this empire annexed to Britain by treaties of perfect reciprocity, giving the latter the command of the eastern commerce by way of Nicaragua, and all the benefits of possession, without the responsibility of slave ownership, would be a magnificent exchange for the useless province of Canada. The separation of the north from the south, under the embittered feelings which must necessarily exist before its possible consummation, would cut off the former from its support of raw materials, deprive its ships of two thirds its business, close the whole southern market to the sale of its wares, shut up its factories, depopulate its wharves, and reduce it speedily to the present condition of Canada. The possession of the mouths of the Mississippi would give the South absolute control of the West."

* See Richmond Enquirer, January, 1850: "These States (no longer a Union.)"

its object, but excited so little interest, even in Virginia, that it is already forgotten. But the few extracts which we have given will serve to show that the idea of a southern confederation has been entertained, by a certain school of politicians in the south, for many years; that it has its foundation, not altogether in grievances of recent date assigned as grounds for it, but in part, it may be feared, in a settled hostility to the Union—to the United States—to the government under which we live.

From the Spectator.

MRS. HOUSTON'S HESPEROS.*

IN 1844, Mrs. Houston published a very lively and agreeable account of a yacht voyage which she and her husband had made, in 1843, to Texas, New Orleans, and the Spanish West Indies. In the two following years, as we judge from the remarks on the Oregon question, Mrs. Houston travelled through the length and breadth of the United States. She left Liverpool in October, 1845, in the steamer *Hibernia*; called at Halifax; stopped at Boston; travelled through the interior, by Albany, Utica, and Rochester, to Niagara; and descended the Hudson to New York, where she remained ten days. At Philadelphia she staid a week, and then passed on to Baltimore; speeding southward with the advancing winter. After a look at Washington and a few return trips, she crossed the Alleghanies to Pittsburg; and thence descended to New Orleans, by the long river navigation that intersects like a network the western portion of the United States, till the various waters are absorbed in the mighty Mississippi. From New Orleans Mrs. Houston made several excursions to the curious archipelago formed by the numerous channels of the Mississippi as it approaches the Gulf of Mexico; and paid another visit to Texas, then in course of annexation. On her return to New York she called at Washington, and saw the lions, who had by that time assembled in full menagerie; and finally embarked for England, in April, 1846.

The qualities that distinguished Mrs. Houston's yacht voyage are visible in her American travels, perhaps with some improvement in her logic. We think she is not quite so prone to take statements regarding the unseen upon trust, or to jump to large conclusions upon limited data. Her feminine nicety of observation, her easy but lively style, and her justness of judgment upon matters within her ken, are as attractive and as informing as before. Possibly the book is a little behind the time as regards public affairs and public opinion; for, independently of the "progréssing" character of the Americans, there has been since Mrs. Houston was in America, the repeal of the British corn-

laws, the Oregon peace, the Mexican war, the discovery of the gold-diggings, and the various revolutions in Europe, things which must all more or less have operated upon public opinion in America. As, however, Mrs. Houston's most valuable observations refer to social practices, matters of convention, domestic morals, or external appearances, the time is of less consequence. It takes more than a few years to change national looks or national habits; yet these give a more living idea of individual men and women than politics, or what is called opinion.

Some of Mrs. Houston's remarks or descriptions are of value for what they suggest. One relates to the barren appearance of much of the country in New England, and what she heard of the sterility of parts of New York. Yet these states were the cunabula of the infant greatness of America. The southern states would have turned out a race of planters and of second-rate gentlemen; but without the aid, and very often without the replenishing of the northern states, they would have been planters and little more. The Yankees had no advantages of soil or climate: their land is barren, their climate severe, their coast stormy, and in winter frozen up. Yet the world has never heard from New England farmers the outcries that the yeomen and gentlemen of England have been making for several months past, though the New Englanders have always been exposed to the same foreign competition. It is true that home competition has been prevented by the wild lands of the far West; but analogous emigration is open to the English farmers. It was not more difficult to move from Liverpool to Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, than from Connecticut or Massachusetts to the distant West. The hardy and resolute will is the main thing wanting, together with greater colonial facilities.

Newburyport, to which we were to travel by the cars, is a considerable town, about thirty-six miles from Boston. It was a dreary country through which we passed, and the land poor and stony, though in many places highly cultivated. In the neighborhood of Boston are extensive salt marshes, the presence of which, it must be allowed, does not in any part of the world tend to give an agreeable impression of the place which they surround; the trees are also few in number and stunted in growth, and are for the most part firs of various kinds. The suburban houses are numerous, and are many of them large imposing-looking villas, though built chiefly of wood; by far the greater proportion, however, are small cockney affairs, pert and white, and adorned with green jalousies—in short, des véritables maisons de perruquiers.

As we advanced, the scenery did not improve; nothing could be less picturesque than the straggling settler's fence, or more desolate-looking than the blackened stumps of the burned-down trees in the newly-cleared lands. To grub up these stumps is one of the severest labors of the settler; one also which he is very apt to neglect, leaving to time and nature the task of reducing the offending objects to a level with the soil. Large granite blocks are often to be seen rearing their heads among the

* *Hesperos*; or *Travel in the West*. By Mrs. Houston, Author of "Texas and the Gulf of Mexico." In two volumes. Published by John W. Parker.

scanty vegetation, and recalling to one's mind the fact that, however much the industry and untiring perseverance of man has done toward improving and cultivating the soil of New England, nature has dealt forth her favors with a niggardly hand.

This boasted state of New York seems in many respects deficient in natural advantages: the soil is in most parts so poor that it does not pay the farmer to raise corn; and labor is so expensive that they cannot afford to improve it. There was a very intelligent New Yorker on board the Troy holding forth on this subject. "I've been down lately," said he, "a good deal among the farmers buying corn: and to see these young farmers! it's quite a warning. A fine young chap of eighteen or nineteen, without a dollar in his pocket, takes and marries a handsome gal of the same age, and with just as few cents in her purse as himself. And what happens next? Why, there they are, everlasting slaves, with their noses at the grindstone, worse a deal than serfs. Now if that young feller had only waited, and saved his wages for a year or two, he might have bought some fine land Tennessee-way at government price, dollar an acre, and then gone back and married the gal if he liked it. 'Tis poor land, and that's a fact, and I a'nt agoing to deny it: but just look at New England; there's land for you! If you stump the world, you won't find such cold, inhospitable land as that on the face of the tarnation earth. Well, no people but those Puritans could have done anything with it; and just look what riches there is in that country. But we're getting along, sir; going ahead. No fear of an universal Yankee: whenever there's an operation to be done, you're sure to find a Yankee at the bottom of it——" He was now fairly off on the never-dying subject—the wonders of the U-nited States; so, knowing all that by heart, I left him to his little knot of eager listeners, each of whom was entering heart and soul into the popular theme.

The respect paid to age in Europe has been a subject of remark to American travellers; according to Mrs. Houston, they have hardly the thing in America. The Americans begin to live so soon, and live so fast, that life with the mass of them is soon used up. There are few "veterans" to "lag superfluous on the stage," because life goes off before it reaches the veteran period.

It is impossible, while reading the inscriptions on the tombs in most of these burial places, not to be painfully affected by the proofs they afford of the shortness of human life in America. After reading the dates of births and deaths on these marble monuments, we found, that out of some hundreds of those who lay under the soft and yielding turf, very few had seen more than forty summers, and that by far the greatest proportion had been summoned to their last account before their fifth lustre had been passed. We had long before this remarked how rare a sight an aged man or woman was in America. There are no drooping forms or decrepit figures, no gray hairs or wrinkled faces: in short, it would appear that age does not and cannot exist in the busy growth of this new country. All here is early, active existence, and the young have enough to do, without being obliged to fulfil what would appear to them the unprofitable task of "rocking the cradle of declining years." It would be a stretch of fancy, to which I confess myself per-

fectly unequal, to imagine in this utilitarian country aged forms leaning on the protecting arm of a child or a grandchild; nor do I think that if there were old gentlemen and ladies indiscreet enough thus to "intrude upon posterity," their delay in quitting the stage of life would be much approved of. I have often thought that this absence of old people, this want of

A record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,

may have a bad effect on the character. The rising generation, even if haply inclined to the un-American virtue of veneration, have no field for the exercise of sympathy and thought; and the silent monitor, the aged and helpless parent, is seldom there to call forth the most holy and beautiful feelings of our nature. There is a link, too, wanting in the chain of human sympathies, which connects the rising generation with the "long ago" past, when the timeworn figure of the octogenarian is never seen "with solemn steps and slow" among the robust and young—the prosperous and unthinking of the world. The Americans, however, have no past. The present is theirs, with its daily cares and pleasures; but they have so little to look back upon that they naturally glance ahead to what is to come. The future is before them, with its compound of vague hopes and fears, and they "guess," and "calculate," and "presume," that it will be a glorious one when the brilliant past of the Old World shall be the only treasure to which it can lay claim.

Even middle age would seem to be thrust aside as *passé* by the choice spirits of the country, and the verb "*I calculate*" to take the place of "*I love*." According to Mrs. Houston, the romance of America is all talk.

Dancing seems to be by far the favorite amusement here; and as to polking—I believe that in no part of the world has the rage for that violent species of pastime been carried to such an extent as in New York. There is something delightfully degourdi in the way they make their arrangements for carrying on their entertainments; and, if I was correctly informed, on these matters, the *laisser-aller* of the proceedings must have great charms for the young and gay. When a ball is to be given, it is the young ladies of the house, not the mammas and papas, who invite the guests. They are not supposed to be any judges of the who, and are only necessary as supplying the means for the entertainment of the society. I believe that this remark is equally applicable to their dinner engagements, and, in short, to all social meetings where the young of both sexes most do congregate.

On the occasion of a ball, it not unfrequently happens that neither fathers nor mothers appear at all, and that the bidden consist almost entirely of young unmarried men, and of fair maidens equally juvenile and unshackled. As may well be supposed, the fun is often both "fast and furious," and quite different from what it would most probably be were any either elderly or staid people admitted to the festivity. A chaperone within the limits of a dancing-room would not be allowed on any consideration, and very few single ladies after they have passed the age of twenty-five are considered eligible for admission. Free and independent as the constitution of their country are the manners and habits of young American ladies; and so tena-

cious are they of their glorious rights as freeborn citizens, that they are not content even with this exercise of power. One of their most popular amusements is to take a country drive with any young gentleman who may be the favored admirer for the moment. The vehicle in which this recreation is taken is a gig, and is usually drawn by a high and fast-trotting horse, driven at the very top of his speed. The lady on these occasions wears her best bonnet and feathers, and the gentleman is sure to be smoking a cigar. The privilege of choosing their own partner for life as well as for a Sunday drive is generally insisted on by the fair sex, and is, I am told, seldom disputed. The choice, as in other countries, is, I fear, too often made from interested motives; but if it be so, and if a spirit of calculation worthy of their parents be too frequently apparent, there is more excuse for an American than for young ladies of other and less exclusively mercantile countries. They see so little of their husband, considering him often merely as the medium through which dollars find their way into the milliners' shops, in exchange for caps and bonnets, that the amount of money he gives them is clearly of more consequence to them than anything else. With them matrimony is as much a matter of business as an operation in cottons or railroad shares is to their parents. It would be quite a pity if, with the capacity possessed by the fair Americans for driving a bargain, the softer feelings were often allowed to interfere and spoil the operation. A partner at a ball, who has chanced to receive encouragement as the owner of a pair of horses, is speedily discarded for one with four; and he, in like manner, must stand aside if the possessor of a still larger stud should chance to present himself. You will, I know, be ready to tell me that this pernicious system is not confined to the Americans, but that all over the world, wherever there is civilization, there will be heartless ambition and a love of empty show. It is, however, not everywhere that it is all so publicly manifest as in America.

As may be supposed, the conjugal tie is not very tender under such circumstances; though we imagine such philosophy as the following, in a newly-made widow, is rather the exception than the rule. The scene is the Mississippi.

The next morning, while stopping at one of the landings, the lady on board the *Sultana*, who had a sick husband awaiting her (as she thought) at Louisville, was greeted with the intelligence that the unfortunate gentleman was no more, but that his *body* was on board a steamer which was puffing alongside of ours, and was on its way to New Orleans: and the disconsolate widow—I can see her now, as she stood shading her eyes from the sun, and asking particulars of her friend, who had hailed her from the other steamer. She neither seemed surprised nor shocked, but after a little mental hesitation decided *not* to accompany the remains of her husband down the river, but to pursue her voyage to Louisville, as she had originally intended. I never saw so composed a widow; she never absented herself from any of the meals, and ate and drank quite comfortably, a little serious sometimes, but nothing more. People have no time to think of death in America.

The ladies frequently come in for Mrs. Houston's observation; and the opinion she passes on the mass is far from favorable. She gives various

sketches of them on various occasions, north, south, west; but she rarely speaks favorably except of individuals. These are of the state of New York.

There were some very fair faces and graceful figures in that motley crew. Some New York families had been picked up at their villas at Poughkeepsie, and other places on the river, and were returning to the city for "the season." Many of these were distinguished and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance; ladies, of whose ladyhood it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but speak, anything but drawl forth their words, and scream out their surprise, and say, "What," and "Ay," and "Ha, aw," in a lengthened tone, of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity; for the American ladies are often agreeable, and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think that they are superior to us in general knowledge and erudition, as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts are, however, marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those "good gifts which grace a gentlewoman." The "guessing" and "expecting" are also by no means confined to the gentlemen; and the frequent use of those favorite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation.

The subject is again touched upon in the description of the Broadway, its shops, its equipages, and its idlers—the possible germ of an aristocracy.

Broadway is certainly, as far as the essential points of length and width go, a handsome street; still (and it was perhaps because my expectations had been extravagantly raised) I was rather disappointed in the appearance of that famous street. The houses are built with little attention to uniformity, and the display in the shop-windows is not so remarkable for splendor or beauty as I had expected to find. Every now and then, certainly, you come to a store of great magnificence, with its immense panes of plate-glass, and its tempting display of finery within; but, unfortunately, there is in all probability alongside of it a wretched oyster-shop, or, worse still, a ten-pin alley. The upper part of the street, when you arrive at about No. 460, is the handsomest, and can even compete with Portland Place in the size of its private houses. Lower down in the street, you are too often disgusted by seeing mean and one-storied houses, where such houses should not be, and by shops displaying all varieties of shades in their brick or stone work. All this takes from the outward merit of Broadway as a street, and renders it difficult for a stranger to agree with the Americans that it is the "finest in the world," or, as they affirm, far "finer than Regent street" in every sense of the word. The trottoir is occasionally perfect. The slabs are often six or eight feet long; and in many of them are inserted tablets of stone, which on a first view have very much the effect of tombstones, but on a nearer examination you may discover on them the name and business of the "gentleman" before whose store they are placed. * * *

A great deal has been said in praise of the "beauties" who are to be met with in Broadway; indeed, I have heard it asserted, even by Englishmen, that there are more beautiful faces to be seen during a walk through that street than in any other place in the world. One reason for this may be, that there

are more faces to be seen ; for it is only in American cities that you can see the principal street literally thronged with ladies, and it would be strange if amongst all these numbers many were not to be found possessed of a sufficient degree of attraction to justify these encomiums. In Broadway, during the fashionable period of the day, ladies in parties of two and three may be met with every second ; and as their complexions are generally good, and their dress at least not deficient in showiness, their tout ensemble is often sufficiently attractive. The total absence of all appearance of shyness in these perambulating ladies may also partly account for some of the admiration that has been so liberally bestowed upon them : but whatever the cause, they certainly arrogate to themselves the palm of beauty, and I have not often heard their claim to it disputed ; it is, however, equally true that the reign of their charms is as short as it is brilliant. In America, it would be considered absurd to talk of a lady possessing a single attraction after thirty ; so accustomed are they in this country to witness the early decline of youth and loveliness. During their daily promenades, the New York ladies are rarely attended by a gentleman, and never by a servant. It is, perhaps, to this remarkable independence of character and habits that they are indebted for the perfect self-possession and total absence of shyness which must be obvious to every one. To many this would destroy the effect of half the charms they possess : not so, I imagine, with their own countrymen, for I have heard them boast of this very characteristic as a proof of the perfect freedom from prejudice on the part of the ladies of their country, and also of their conviction that there was no reason for them to be "ashamed of themselves."

The dress of the New York ladies is generally overdone, gaudy, and inappropriate : it is also costly and extravagant to the greatest degree.

I must now tell you of a few more of the peculiarities which struck me during a walk in Broadway. One is, that you may here see (what I fancy you can rarely do in any other part of America) young men who are essentially flâneurs—idlers, in short, who appear to have nothing to do but to dandify themselves for the sole purpose of displaying their charms in a fashionable walk. I cannot help thinking that the time is not far distant when the universal love of trading and speculation will not be so prevalent in the United States as it has hitherto been. I have an idea that in most of the other cities of the Union idleness is still looked upon as rather discreditable than otherwise ; and that a man who has no ostensible profession is generally held in small estimation. This is not the case here. Hundreds of rich merchants, who, having realized large fortunes in the South and West, have given up business, are established in this city. Formerly, those very men would have betaken themselves to Europe, to avoid the reproach of idleness ; now, they can live here in perfect comfort, and in the midst of a large circle of friends and acquaintances in similar circumstances. I was surprised to find that they have their Court Guide even in New York, and that for one sixpence there could be purchased a "true and correct list" of all the wealthy citizens and merchants of New York. In this comprehensive volume was to be found, not only their places of abode, but the amount of their fortunes specified ; in this style : "Mr. Jonathan —, No. —, Broadway, formerly of Charleston, dry goods merchant ; fortune 200,000 dollars." Their only

private ambition seems now to be that of surpassing their neighbors in the extravagance of their entertainments and in the ostentatious magnificence of their habitations. * * * *

There are various sets among the portion of New York society which may be called aristocratic. The best of these is certainly that whose members belong to the literary professions, and whose claim to distinction is not derived from their dollars alone. Between those still in business and those who have retired from it there always appears to be a little jealousy ; and this is, of course, fomented by the grand national animosity that undoubtedly exists between the men of the North and the Southerners.

We had marked various other passages, of a similar character, descriptive of manners, and touched off by a feminine hand and eye. An account of the lower part of the Mississippi is curious and interesting. A good many passages on slavery are suggestive, if not very conclusive. But for all these we must refer the reader to the volumes.

From Chambers' Journal

THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

THE air was warm, not sultry, and the sun rather brilliant than severe. Myriads of small fleecy clouds gambolled across the sky, and threw their flitting shadows upon the rich and undulating landscape almost peculiar to England ; where huts and hamlets, simple church-towers, and solitary half-hidden châteaux, lend a human charm to inanimate existence. The scene was commanded from an eminence at the side of a green lane where I was walking ; and that spot had been chosen by some person of good taste for the site of a cottage residence. The house was half-built, and many materials and implements were lying scattered about ; but the workmen were absent, it being the hour of dinner, and thus the place had all the solitariness of a ruin without its melancholy.

I sat down upon the higher end of a plank which leant across an unsawn log of timber, preserving the equilibrium by my weight, and lost myself for a few minutes in an agreeable reverie. Presently, however, my meditations and the axis of the plank were disturbed at the same moment : some person had seated himself upon the opposite end, and I found my feet dangling.

"That will not do," said my unceremonious companion with a light laugh, "we have spoiled the balance," and edging himself a little higher up, he restored the level, and we both sat with our feet resting slightly on the ground. He was an old man, with white rather than gray hair, but a smooth cheek, unwrinkled brow, and lightsome eye. Good-humor was the characteristic of his regularly handsome features ; but this was not disclosed in the common form of a habitual smile. The light seemed to come from within, and diffuse itself over his countenance without affecting the features. It was not the kind of good-humor you could take liberties with : you could not say to that good-humor, "Old boy ;" you could not think

of bringing its end of the plank to the ground by moving suddenly from your seat. This retaliation, I acknowledge, was my first impulse; but a second look made me ashamed of the impertinence. The plank seemed to act as a conductor between the old man and me; and almost immediately I felt his mental smile stealing into my heart and rising to my eyes.

"Has it ever occurred to you," said he, after having looked at me observantly two or three times, "has it ever occurred to you that this is what we are doing all our lives?"

"I have read," replied I, "the Theory of Compensations," in which the author supposes that in the seemingly hardest lot there is always something to make up the balance. But his arguments do not carry conviction: it seems to me that they are disproved by the facts of every-day life."

"I have not seen the book," said the old man; "but I suspect, from what you tell me, that it reveals at least a glimpse of the truth. What do you know of the facts you talk of? You see one man living in that hut, and another in yonder château, and you suppose happiness to be unequally distributed. But the denizen of the hut would no more be satisfied to sit down at the lordly table of the château, with the eyes of the guests and servants upon him, than he of the château would be content with the humble fare of the hut. The feeling of repulsion is natural; for the men have been brought up in different trains of circumstances, and have each evils and compensations of their own. But this is nothing. Look at a man in himself, and in his own history, and you will still find the balance. What is the counterpoise of present sickness, poverty or destitution? Nothing; they are themselves the counterpoise of comparative health, wealth, and prosperity. This world is not intended as a scene of unmingled enjoyment. The good probably predominates over the evil; but there is a certain level, the disturbances of which, upward or downward, and our unceasing aims at its restoration, form the true action of life. If this doctrine were better understood—and to confirm it, we have only to look into our own hearts and memories—our views would not be so confined as they usually are. The evils of fortune would not appear so overwhelming; pity would not mingle with our admiration of the martyr; the millionaire would escape our envy; a repining spirit would be chased from our bosoms; and the mournful cypress would be uprooted from our churchyards."

"Do you remember," said I, interposing—for the old man's words came from him in a continued stream—"a very painful story related by Coleridge of a young woman whose life was a scene of continued misery, ending in unspeakable horror? Does not this show that there are at least exceptions to your rule?"

"It shows nothing more than the bad habits of thought in which both writers and readers are

trained. If you have the patience to listen, I can relate to you an anecdote which, although it has no pretensions to the melodramatic effect with which Coleridge amused the public, I know of my own knowledge to be true, and which, if rightly considered, will illustrate the subject before us, and—'vindicate the ways of God to man.'"

I was very thankful for the proffer; for I felt a stronger attraction towards this old man than can be accounted for by his words as I am able to repeat them; and after a brief pause, he began his story as follows:—

"I was once," said he, "a young fellow upon town, with little and sometimes no occupation, and, like others similarly situated, made acquaintance, as a matter of course, with some strange companions. One of these, whose christened name was Alfred, was only strange when intimately known. Although with the advantages of a good person and a handsome face, he made no special impression upon strangers. He was not retiring, but merely insipid. He was not only destitute of the talent of society, but he did not know what it was, or what was its use. He was not wrapped up in his own thoughts in such a way as to acquire a reputation for eccentricity, but he paid no attention to the thoughts of others. He was calm, cold, quiet, distant; taking the rubs of fortune without a grimace, and pursuing, silently and patiently, his allotted path even when that led to destitution and despair."

"He was a philosopher," cried I; "that is the secret!"

"He did not know what philosophy meant. If he was anything at all, he was an artist—a creator; but our acquaintance had lasted a considerable time before I discovered that it was the pencil he used to express his ideas. He was the son of a poor curate, and had come to London to try to live, and to see pictures. He knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and of these not a great deal. He was ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, and had no means of study. He could not even write a sufficiently respectable hand to have any chance of advancement in the great emporium of trade and commerce. What chance had he of being able either to paint or to live?"

"As a clergyman's son," said I—for I too have some knowledge, and dearly bought, of life—"his chance would be but small, for he was doubtless brought up, in some sort, as a gentleman; but if he had been the son of a peasant he might have carried parcels, or ground colors, and risen to be lord mayor of London, or president of the Royal Academy."

"You are wrong; Alfred had no pride at all, he would have carried a parcel cheaper than any porter in town, but he could not solicit the job. He was at one time employed as a junior teacher in a school; but his superior, having committed some fault, laid the blame upon him, and he was turned off. At another time he was a sort of under-clerk for several months; but the concern failed. All his efforts, in short, to establish himself per-

manently were unavailing; but still he continued to live. I cannot tell you how he managed this; he used to do it somehow. The remarkable thing in Alfred was, that he preserved, in the midst of utter destitution, the appearance of a gentleman. In such circumstances young men on the pavé commonly look like the desperadoes they are: but Alfred was always scrupulously clean, and his well-saved coat was without a speck, even when there was not a vestige of shirt to be seen."

"You interest me in this Alfred. Where did he live in the midst of such dire distress?"

"I cannot tell you where he lived any more than how he lived. He lived somewhere: we all did so. The first time we talked intimately together he might indeed be said to have been ill off; for he had just sustained a robbery."

"A robbery! He!"

"Yes: one forenoon he had lain down to rest himself in Hyde Park, and the sun beat upon his head, and stupefied him. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his portfolio was gone. I had never seen him in agitation before, and now this was betrayed only in a faltering of the voice and a catching of the breath. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that the sketches he had lost were worthless—he had tried in vain to sell them; but then he had lost a piece of card-board with them—his last, poor fellow!—on which he had intended to draw other sketches, from which he *hoped* better things. I was sorry for the lad: we were all sorry for one another; but we laughed and jibed notwithstanding, as if our comrade's mishaps were rare fun. Alfred's coldness was thawed by this misfortune; and I saw that he had a soul under his bare black coat. He pointed to a tree at a little distance—to the effect of the sunlight on its branches—to the figure of a sleeping, destitute man lying under it, while his little destitute child played on the grass by his side. Was it not hard that he should lose all this? It was a pity, I thought; but he could come again when he was able to procure another card-board. There were always plenty of sleeping, destitute figures to be seen in Hyde Park—men, women, and children. They came there to enjoy the warm sun and the soft turf, and were quite undisturbed by the line of magnificent carriages that circled at a distance round them on the drive. Yes, Alfred was a painter!—it was only his untaught hands that were bunglers—the divine flame of art burned within him!"

"And this, then, is the poor youth's *compensation*?" exclaimed I, waxing impatient.

"Only in part. Our acquaintance now ripened to an intimacy, and I at length obtained his confidence. This cold, silent, shy, and most destitute youth had loved and been beloved from his boyhood. The object of his attachment was a young lady whose christened name was Jane, the daughter of a captain in the army, for many years the friend and neighbor of Alfred's father. The love of the two young people ripened with their years; and when, after the captain's death, his widow and

daughter removed to London, Alfred was perhaps as much determined by that circumstance in his choice of the scene of his adventures as by his devotion to art. The two youthful friends—for it was years before they talked of love—were born and bred in a condition of equality; but the balance after this migration was wofully overturned. The widow, indeed, was disappointed in the assistance and countenance she had expected from her relations in London; but it is wonderful the small sum that retired and abstemious women can live upon even in the metropolis. Jane and her mother not only lived on their pension, but in their lady-like, however economical, dress, and in their neat first-floor, with its balcony adorned with plants and flowers, they presented an appearance of ease and gentility which almost terrified the poor lad as he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. The widow was an ostentatious and somewhat empty person, who denied herself many solid comforts for the sake of retaining various articles of show on which she had prided herself during her husband's life; but her compensation for everything the heroism of her vanity endured, was the dream that her beautiful Jane would make a splendid marriage. Jane, however, hardly made an acquaintance, far less a lover; and the widow, losing patience with the hermit-city, would after a time have returned to the country but for her absolute want of a surplus shilling.

"I do not know that his love was any compensation for Alfred. He never told even Jane of the excess of his misery; but sometimes, at every deeper plunge he made into the abyss, she read the fearful secret in his wan cheek and haggard look. The girl's heart was almost broken—but 'brokenly loved on.' He was all the world to her. As to his position in life, she remembered only their early equality; and the desperate contrivances of his penniless gentility, though they filled her eyes with secret tears as she walked with him in the street, never gave her one qualm of shame. Alfred winced under the searching eye of the mother; he sometimes even kept away from the house for a fortnight at a time; but then some new dream of hope would come, and, yielding to the mystical attraction by which he was governed, he would suddenly reappear. On these occasions, when they were alone, and Jane hid her streaming eyes in his bosom, she often felt on her shoulder the burning drops that would have been congealed in his proud eyes had he known that she could be conscious of their fall. And so time passed on, weeks, months, years, till he had reached his twenty-fifth and Jane her twenty-third birthday"—

"So old!" interrupted I. "Compensation was long of coming!"

"But it came. Alfred's progress in painting was of course slow; interrupted, as it always had been, by the necessity of taking other employments when he could get them, and often by the want of the necessary implements. He at length, however, acquired as much mechanical knowledge as brought his notions of art into play, and there were mo-

ments in which he did fancy that he was at length a painter. But he did not get richer. His expenses increased as he advanced; sometimes he fared worse (if that was possible) that he might dress better; and when the poor, friendless, unknown artist was disappointed in the sale of a laborious work, it came like a sentence of starvation.

"In one of these crises he was suddenly offered, by a chance acquaintance—the master of a West Indian—a passage to Tobago, in return for certain services with his pen to be rendered during the voyage, and on arrival, the office of book-keeper on a plantation in the island. In his desperation he grasped at the proposal, which he looked upon as a God-send; and even Jane, who knew no more than he that a West Indian book-keeper meant something little better than a negro-driver, was reconciled to the temporary separation by the dreadful necessity of his circumstances. As the time approached for their parting, he dreaded the sight of Jane: he did not go near her for a week previous to the fateful day; but at length the last morning—the last hour—came, and he walked to the house like a criminal to execution.

"The street door was open, and he stepped softly up the stair, hoping to find her alone. But her mother was with her, talking in so loud a tone of expostulation and command, that she neither heard the low tap at the door nor its subsequent opening. Alfred gathered in an instant that their secret was discovered; and the words 'beggar' and 'outcast,' coupled with his name, showed the estimation in which she held her daughter's choice. But when Jane, who was staring wildly in her mother's eyes, obviously unconscious of what she was saying, observed him enter, she uttered a scream so wild, and shrill, and long, as to terrify the hearers; and then, dashing aside her mother's hands, she sprang towards him, clasped her arms round his waist, knotted her fingers together, and throwing back her head, burst into convulsions of hysterical laughter. Alfred was shocked and amazed; but the fit continued so long, that the mother's alarm made every other feeling give way, and she shrieked into her daughter's ear that she would no longer oppose her wishes.

"Then tell him!—tell him!"—cried Jane, gasping, and still shaking with the hysterics—"tell him, for I cannot!"

"Be calm, then, and I will tell him all. Sit down, my poor girl, I intreat you!"

"Stop! I will tell him myself—he must hear it from no other lips. Alfred—we are rich!—we are rich!—we are rich!"—and Jane fell senseless in his arms.

"She was right. One of those exceptional occurrences had taken place which romancers make use of as the regular staple of fortune; a rich relation had died, and she had been pronounced the heiress of £2000 a year.

"Now comes the adjustment of the fearfully disordered balance!" cried I. "Now come the compensations!"

"True," said the old man; "there was not a happier pair within the bills of mortality. Jane, it is true, was still nervous at times. She seemed to mistrust so sudden and remarkable a change. In the middle of the night she awoke with a start, and was unable for some moments to persuade herself that her lover had not sailed for the West Indies. Even in the street she sometimes caught convulsively by his arm, and looked up with a wild suspicion in his face. But, upon the whole, they were a happy pair. Alfred was wholly undisturbed by the idea that the fortune was on *her* side; and if it had been suggested to him, he would have treated it with a proud and exulting scorn. She was his, mind and body, and all that pertained to them. He was at this period the good genius of many of his desperate associates; and I myself am happy to acknowledge that I owe to his generous friendship an assistance which trimmed the balance of life, and eventually led to the competence I now enjoy, and to the construction of the dwelling, on a portion of the materials of which we are sitting. But the time appointed for their union approached rapidly!"

"Ay, come to the wedding!"

"Ay, come to the wedding, since you will have it! The last day of single life arrived, and on the next morning Jane was to be his wife. He bade her farewell that night with tearful joy; he walked home instinctively, he knew not how; he prayed devoutly, reverently—yet with a deep gushing tenderness and filial affection—to that Almighty Being who had thus led him through the valley of the shadow of death; and then he stepped lightly into bed, with the glory of heaven on his face and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, in his heart.

"The next morning I went to call him, for I was to bear a part in the ceremony. It was a morning!"

"Well, well!"

"He was asleep. He is still sleeping. He was dead!" Here the old man, who had been looking upon the ground before him, as if it was the bed present to his mind's eye, turned full upon me; and his peculiar smile broke over his countenance like a flood of light from within, suffusing his chiselled features with a bright and joyous glow, which brought out his face in the midst of the sunshine as if that had been shade.

"The physician," continued he, "talked of disease of the heart; I only know he was dead."

"It was an awful death," said I, struggling against the old man's smile; "so young—so warm in hope—with such bliss before him! How does your philosophy reconcile this with—"

"With the justice and mercy of Providence! You shall hear. The events of this world are linked with each other by an eternal chain, a portion of which you have still to see. A week after his death, when Jane seemed to be fast sinking into the grave, her claims to the property

which had been considered her own were all on a sudden disputed, and by one who turned out to be the true heir-at-law."

"What," said I, almost indignantly, "do you now talk of money? Would not starvation itself have been comparative bliss to that young couple?"

"Be tranquil: there is another link. The blow, unfelt for herself, awoke Jane from her despair, for it seemed to strike upon the image which lived in her mind. She thought of the horrors that Alfred had endured, and she asked herself—though with a bitter pang—whether it was the real love he so well deserved which grieved for his removal? Then came a new excitement. The pictures of the half-famished youth had attracted little attention; but his subsequent story threw around them an adventitious interest, and the fame of the artist seemed to spring from his grave. Many there still be who remember a pale, thin, almost transparent-looking young creature, in widow's weeds, attending the picture sales with pencil in hand. This was Jane; and when a painting of his was put up, she watched the biddings with the breathless interest of a gamester whose all is at stake; and then, counting her winnings, as it were, she turned away and glided from the room with the air of one who goes to deposit them at his banker's. This went on for ten months after Alfred's death; and then Jane died."

"She would have lived," cried I, choking—"she would have lived if"—

"Be tranquil; she died of a hereditary complaint received from her father; and autopsy having been performed, the surgeons pronounced that no happiness, no art, no circumstances whatever, could have prolonged her life for an instant. Now, do you see? Fancy Alfred a beggar with his beggar wife; fancy him closing her eyes in hunger and despair; fancy him perhaps the father of an infant destined to a life of struggles and an early grave! Which is wiser, which more merciful, God or you? You interrupted me while I was telling you what I saw in the death chamber; and I shall now conclude with that, for the masons are returning to their work.

"The bed, with its white furniture and spotless sheets, looked as if it was dressed for a wedding. The window was half-open, and gave entrance to the breath of flowers and the shrill carols of birds. A flowering plant waved its head, half in, half out, on the morning breeze. The sun, warm and bright as it is to-day, glanced into the chamber, its beams silvering the bed-curtains, chasing each other along the wall, and, falling on the young man's face, till his placid, beautiful smile kindled into joy. Such are the real details of a scene which appeared to me to be melancholy, nay shocking at the time. I learnt, ten months afterwards, to feel and understand them. To that chamber my fancy has ever since retired for comfort and delight when I have been disconcerted by the events of mortal existence; and that heavenly smile, which

then for the first time entered into this solitary heart, has there abided."

By the time the old man finished his narrative, the chirp of the chisel was heard upon the stones, and the joyous sounds of labor echoed through the skeleton house. I took my leave of him, promising to return when he was settled in his new abode; and I then walked homewards, plunged in a reverie.

With the withdrawal of his peculiar smile, however, I must say my temporary adhesion to his theory relaxed. I began to reflect that it was founded entirely on assumptions, and that the negative evils avoided were not necessarily attendant on the case. In the well-ordered march of events, special sufferings are continually occurring without any appearance of the old man's compensations, though, I think, not without a good result of a different kind. I believe the presence of what we call evil in the general scheme, as well as what we call good, to be necessary; for otherwise the state of action, which is the condition of our mortal existence, would be incomplete. Without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. The evil of early death is perhaps the most shocking of all; yet it serves to chasten the spirit, evoke the profoundest sympathies, and relax the hold of men from the things of time; while to the individual removed it may, in certain conditions, be in the eye of the severest reason, as it assuredly is in the eye of faith, great gain. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern: for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty; and this world being only preparatory to a larger dispensation of being, it is to that we must look for the true balance.

MARRYING A NAMELESS BRIDE.—Justice Wentworth was yesterday morning sitting in his big arm-chair presiding over the watch-house subjects with all the dignity belonging to official consequence, when in rushed an individual in breathless haste, and requested his honor to follow immediately and tie himself and a fair maiden in the silken cords of Cupid. "But where is the bride?" said the justice. "In the rear of the Arcade," gasped the lover, "and the packet's just going out, and I want to take her with me. Hav'n't a moment to lose."

The justice, who is always willing to help a poor man out of a scrape or into one, told him that if he could give their names and age then, it would facilitate matters considerably. "What is your name?"—"Chester Van Curen, aged 28 years."—"And your bride's name?" This question nonplussed him; he scratched his head, and hemmed and spit, but it would n't do. "Really," said he, "I don't know that I ever heard her name, but if you'll just hold on a minute, I'll run and find out!" and away he went, streaking it after his bride's name, and running back in all haste, gave it as Joanne Hayes, of Wheatland, and forthwith the justice pronounced them man and wife. The packet that morning had at least one happy couple on board.—*Rochester Adv.*

From Chambers' Journal.

CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

AN ORDINARY DAY.

MRS. HEMANS has sung "The Stately Homes of England;" and even at the present moment, when sentiment evaporates in steam, and romance bows its diminished head before those stern practicalities, the railways, there still hovers over the country residences of the old gentry a halo of the past, through which we gain glimpses of the old poetical world now fast fading away. It has occurred to me that a plain account of the everyday-life of these English châteaux might reveal something new to many readers, and at the same time be not uninteresting to *habitués*. As for the family and family seat I have chosen as exemplars, my sketch, I believe, will be admitted to be a faithful likeness, however deficient it may be in other respects.

To this time-honored and stately Home I was invited to spend the winter; and late in a November day, accordingly, I found myself seated beside my young friend, the unmarried daughter of the house, in their barouche, which had come to meet me at the L— station, and which speedily carried us to the first lodge gates that admit the traveller within the demesnes of Marston Manor. Through these we entered a noble wood, which, though no longer attired in the leafy glories of summer, still retained traces of its past beauty; and the few last leaves being also adorned—fit ornament for their mature age—with a frost-work of diamonds, that glittered in the ruby sunset as we dashed by. In a brief space we exchanged the old trees, and wild, tangled brushwood bordering the road, for a green lane, bounded by prim hedgerows, every twig of which appeared to have been drilled into "behaving pretty," and presented the very beau-ideal of quickset. This specimen of the excellence of hedging and ditching at Marston—which, for the sake of the bailiff's feelings, I record—continued until we reached the farm, a little colony of houses, barns, and byres, surrounding an immense yard well stocked with kine, the lowing of which came pleasantly on the ear for an instant—and for an instant only, for our gallant grays dashed on at a rapid pace, and the farm vanished. The second lodge gates opened, and we reached a spot where "three roads meet," and recall the stories we once loved of adventurous princes seeking their fortunes, who were always brought to a halt of momentous import to their destiny by such a junction. Here a huge tree spreads its friendly arms in each direction, and near by stands the keeper's lodge, a low, ivy-covered building, surrounded by trees. The garden in front had still some autumn flowers left near the beehives. The kennels are behind the house, and from them proceeded a yelping and baying anything but consonant with Shakspeare's poetical description of Duke Theseus' well-matched hounds, making us regret that the musical branch of canine education

should be in our modern times so much neglected.

Marston village is now before us—as rural and picturesque, as quaint and old world looking, as if no railway carriages ever left their cloudy trail over yonder blue champaign. There is even an old woman still attired à la Little Red-Riding-Hood, dropping her curtsy to the head gardener and factotum of Marston Manor Forest, who lifts his hat as we pass—a fine yeoman-like old man, with a physiognomy full of truth and kindliness. To the left of the road we have the church and its tree-sheltered yard. It is an ancient building, linked for long years with the spiritual and temporal histories of the villagers; and after it we reach the third and last lodge gates, and the carriage sweeps round a smooth drive, shaded by beeches that have no equals in England. The heart of this sylvan domain is a large, comfortable English home, built in the shape of the letter H, with a handsome pillared portico facing the south, and another on the western side. At the latter the coachman stops. Ere we enter the hall, however, let us give one glance at the sweet home-picture without. The hill on which Marston is built falls gently here, undulating in green velvet swells and dim hollows, bounded—like the setting of a gem—with a glorious girdle of old trees, on which the sun is bestowing a blushing kiss at parting. Towards a group of clustering elms on the right are the fish-ponds; to the left a little wooded knoll, where at spring-tide grow

—violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

There are certain memories of Dugald Dalgetty attached to the spot also, for it rejoices in the name of Drumsnab. Far away in the distance lies a misty track of sterile country, through which steals a line of quiet sparkling water. Close to the house is a wide quaint terrace of flower-beds, in the centre of which an ancient sun-dial still marks the course of time by the flitting of its silent shadow.

The present entrance-hall of Marston was of yore a dining-room; it is consequently very large, and the chimney-piece—as high as those in the so-called Venetian parlors of Queen Anne's days—is of exquisitely-carved marble. Above it is an equestrian family picture—opposite, a large painting of Christ healing the sick. A huge slab of yellow marble now coldly occupies the place once held by the more hospitable oak or mahogany. From this hall we passed into a second, the floor which is of tessellated marble, and the walls hung with portraits of the stud; here also are tables of yellow marble, on one of which stands the letter-box, with the warning inscription, "Closed at five;" and near it is a movable calendar, showing the day of the month and the hunting appointments for the week.

The light, now growing dim, streamed softly through the rich painted glass of the windows as we entered a third hall, divided from which, by

pillars, stands that refuge from ennui, the billiard-table. Here also we distinguish a number of fine, though now indistinct pictures, and a beautiful group of alabaster Graces supporting an open basket for flowers. Passing on through a small music-room, we find ourselves in the library—a noble apartment, illuminated by a bright cheerful fire, from beside which a graceful lady comes forward to tender a kind and courteous welcome to her guest. I have used the present tense occasionally in speaking of my drive to Marston, and of the natural scenery around it, but when I would name the persons “whose smile” then “lit up the hearth,” the past alone remains to me, for a dark shadow has rested on the old manor since I last visited it; and *they* who were of the excellent of the earth have ceased to bless it with their presence. The graceful hostess, whose wit could brighten the dark hour of winter gloom, the fine-tempered, kind-hearted host, are gone: “their places know them no more;” and the memory of that brief happy sojourning can be to me now only a source of melancholy and regret.

The young unmarried daughter, who had been my companion from the railway station, was worthy of her lineage. She had the fair hair and blue eye of the Saxon side of her ancestry, with much of the high chivalrous spirit of that which was Norman in her line. Her intellect was free from the morbid gloom of our island blood, and her character frank and affectionate. By this English Portia I was conducted (after a brief chat with her mother) to my apartment. There is nothing more cheering at the end of a long journey than to find such a comfortable bedroom and blazing fire as that to which she led me; albeit the apartment was much too large to be called snug. To its dimensions, however, it owed the possession of a piece of furniture which had graced the queenly chamber on a recent royal progress—namely, a huge sofa twelve feet long, (the frame being of carved ivory and gold, the furniture of amber satin,) and proportionally broad; so that when Portia and I ensconced ourselves in the corners, to have a comfortable chat before the dressing-bell should ring, our feet only reached the edge of our seat. What a pleasant time for confidential intercourse that firelight glimmer is! How lazily the shadows moved upon the wall—how cheerily the wood crackled—and what a rich glow the red fire cast at times on that old picture of Cymon and Iphigenia, and on the green damask curtains of the bed!

“We have a large party staying in the house now,” said my companion, after more interesting subjects were discussed: “Lord and Lady Cameron are here. You will like them very much. She is very clever, amusing, and good-looking; her lord is at feud with the east wind, as you will find very shortly. I wish, for his sake, and my own too, it never blew: I am so tired of the subject! Major Straightly bears out the truth of Uncle Henry’s singular assertion, ‘that captains and colonels are smart fellows, but your major in

a drawing-room or a novel is always a fool!’ He is wonderfully well-dressed, very good-natured, and very silly. The Montgomeries are here; you will be glad to meet them again; the Lily is as lovely as ever; the two younger girls are very amiable and pretty also; and at dinner I promise you Mr. Owen-ap-Morgan and the country neighbors. But hark! there is the dressing-bell. Good-by till it rings again for dinner.”

And she vanished, leaving me to the mysteries of my toilet, which no lady of course reveals. Suffice it to say, that when the dinner-bell rang, I descended, looking as well as I could, to the library, where the large party staying at Marston were assembled, and had scarcely time to exchange greetings with those with whom I was acquainted, ere dinner was announced, and we proceeded in the fashion of Noah’s ark—male and female after our degree—to the dining-room. This apartment, recently built, and adorned with valuable paintings, is of noble dimensions. I longed to inspect the treasures on the walls, many of which are the works of the famous masters of old; but the soft light of the chandelier and dinner-lamps afforded only tantalizing glimpses of forms and landscapes of shadowy beauty, and I was compelled to forego the pleasure till the morrow. One thing at least was evident—the dining-room of Marston is not, like most similar apartments, disfigured by stiff, grim, family pictures, (hard, cold faces, that look down on their feasting descendants with a hideous mockery of life, and appear to be placed there, like the skeleton at the ancient Egyptian feasts, to remind the guests of their mortality,) but it is rendered cheerful even in winter’s deepest gloom by the genius of Watteau and Canaletti, the few modern portraits being by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the old by Vandyck. Unable, however, to enjoy their beauties by the imperfect, though brilliant light, I turned from the walls to gaze on the living pictures around, and on the table—ay, *on the table*—for what Dutch limner of old would not have rejoiced in such a subject as it offered, covered with its snowy cloth, the light glittering with a chaste lustre on the plate adorning it, and throwing out the hues of the glorious exotics that filled the epergne in the centre? And then the delicately-white fish, adorned with its scarlet garnishing, brighter than coral; and the silver tureen, the matchless chasing of which far exceeds in our estimation its contents of turtle-soup; whilst round the table smile so many pretty faces, mixed with those of “grave and reverend signors,” that it would take us too long to describe them individually. Only “we distinguish,” as the newspapers say, Portia darting the light arrows of her wit on a very handsome hussar, whose noble form and bearing, and expression of frank good-humor, may be a sufficient personification of the highbred English gentleman; and a fair, lily-like girl, turning her swan-like neck, as she silently listens to an elegant personage, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land has given him mat-

ter for conversation during the rest of his life—at least at dinner parties. It is a great thing to be able to play Baron Munchausen on a small scale: one's travels are a better recipe for getting on at dinner than Miss Sinclair's recommendation to ask a silent neighbor "if he knows Captain Campbell!" My own neighbor had visited the North Pole, and amused me greatly by contrasting the barbarous hospitality of the Esquimaux with the modern fashion of having everything handed round by the domestics; our brethren of the icebergs deeming it a duty of hospitality to feed their guests with their own hands, cramming their mouths zealously even to overflowing, and cutting off the outward superfluity that would n't go in, with their knives.

I remember having read that "once upon a time" in England a hostess would urge her guests "to help themselves to some salt," and it was not manners to do so unasked; now no one is troubled with old tedious formalities, but the well-trained butler and his aides-de-camp move noiselessly round, and proffer quiet hospitality to all. This almost equals a Russian dinner, and in our cold climate looks better; the roast turkey is so very characteristic of the country, and the saddle of mutton also: for the side dishes, they are foreigners; but since our insular spirit is gradually yielding to foreign intercourse, and John Bull and La Garde Nationale exchange courtesies, we will not quarrel with their appearance, but occasionally honor them with our approbation and choice.

Dinner in a well-lighted room is really a pleasant meal in winter. The atmosphere grows genial, the champagne dances and flashes in the glasses, and gradually warms the half-frozen blood that even exercise, such as ladies take, cannot generally thaw in a severe November; and by the time the pretty second course—of game and confectionery—has vanished, conversation grows animated, and low soft laughs are at times audible. The dessert is another pretty study for a painter of fruits and flowers, and it is really matter for regret when the hostess makes the mysterious little sign to the "head lady," and we pass from the warm, cheerful banquet-room to that blank moment of existence, the assembling of the ladies round the drawing-room fire. There are so few who at that precise period look comfortable; and then the conversation—ah, how fraught it is with babies and Swiss maids, and prosy gossip! We shall have much greater faith in the progress of mind when we find that hour better, or at least more amusingly, employed. But there were two or three dames and damsels at Marston who did not need the spur of coquetry to make them entertaining.

At last the gentlemen enter, and, shortly after, tea is handed round. Then a group assembles near the piano. Mrs. Montgomery, who sings beautifully, gives us one of the "Anna Bolena" songs, the hussar and Portia sing duets, the Lily plays well and tastefully, whilst the gentlemen play whist, and here and there a couple are seated by a chess-board, surrounded by amused specta-

tors. For our own part, we listen with delight to the music, whilst we examine an exquisite volume of large engravings, the subjects taken from Shakspeare; or we converse at times with some of the party, who are old and dear friends, and thus the hours glide by till eleven strikes, and a move is made by some of the party for retiring to bed. It is quickly followed by the rest, and Marston, ere midnight chimes, is hushed and quiet, lights glancing from its upper windows like faint-stars on the dark frosty night.

The bell for the servants' breakfast at eight o'clock woke me the next morning; and a few minutes afterwards Portia's maid came with warm water. The withdrawal of the heavy window-curtains admitted a flood of light into the room. It was a sharp, bright, frosty day; and when I had finished dressing, I hastened to the northern window to look on the beauty of the winter morning. It was a pretty, domestic picture. Below lay a yard with a pump in it, from which a servant was filling a huge marble basin beneath with sparkling water. A few steps led from thence into a stable-yard, surrounded by the stables, coach-houses, &c., from the centre of which rose a tower with a clock and gilt weather-vane; and on one side stood a structure somewhat resembling a campanile in form, but having sides of iron network only, in order that the air might freely visit the good cheer therein reserved for us, it being the stronghold of beef and turkeys—the larder. Grooms and other men-servants were crossing the yard on their way to breakfast; and the whole home-scene was framed by a girdle of fir-trees, which rose higher than the clock-tower behind and around it. Being admitted fully to the "interior" of the family, I was summoned at nine o'clock to attend family prayers, which were read in an octagon room—the "ladies' boudoir." Portia and I then descended to the dining-room; not, however, without glancing eagerly at the marble slab on which the letters were usually laid.

Breakfast was a very social, as well as very abundant meal; at which, by degrees, all the personages who had done honor to yesterday's dinner reassembled, the major appearing last, his habitual or acquired stiffness being, we thought, almost a sufficient excuse for the delay, as, if natural, dressing must have been a painful effort; and if not, why, time must be required for such a toilet! But he was really amiable, and we forgot his stiffness in his good-nature. And now by daylight we can enjoy the beautiful pictures. How brightly the sun lights up Canaletti's

Queenlike city of the hundred isles!—

and how, in its clear radiance, the jewelled bracelet on Watteau's "Madame de Montespan" glitters! Then the large undivided plates of glass which form the windows scarcely seem to divide us from the whitened turf and huge beeches, with their shining frost-work seen through them: the very birds at times mistake, and strike their wings against the panes in their attempt to approach our fireside.

Breakfast over, the party dispersed. One carriage, full of ladies, and a few female equestrians, accompanied the hunters to see the hounds meet. Portia was of the latter number, under the especial escort of the hussar and the major; the remainder of the party retired to the drawing and music-rooms. Some fair dames were speedily engrossed by the mysteries of Berlin-work, exchanging and comparing patterns, &c., the young ladies gathered round the piano; and the Pilgrim (who had, we suspect, been captivated by the Lily's gentle yet earnest listening) lingered near her, and again engaged her in conversation. The youngest Miss Montgomery accompanied me to the library, our favorite of all the noble chambers of Marston Manor. The light was here more subdued, partly by the old windows, partly by their heavy crimson curtains, and suited well with the air of repose and learned ease the apartment wore. Over the mantelpiece was a fine painting by Vandyck of the Lady Venetia Digby, Sir Kenelm of famous memory, and their three boys. She is a distinguished-looking woman, but scarcely so beautiful as imagination would have drawn her. Between and above the immense book-cases hung many other paintings of equal value: between the windows also was a lovely group of children, we believe by an eminent pencil; and there were busts, and portfolios full of drawings, and books enough to rob many winters of their gloom. Here we passed the morning, rather exploring the realms of literature by which we were surrounded, than reading, and were only finally disturbed by the return of the carriage and its attendants—that is to say, of those who did not hunt—and shortly afterwards by the summons to luncheon. The noonday repast is in truth the old *dinner* with a new name, as the late dinner is but a modern appellation for early supper; and at Marston the so-called luncheon was a most abundant meal of hot and cold viands of all kinds, from substantial beef, turkey, and chickens, to tarts and cream, the only difference being, that the dishes were all placed at once on the board, and the constraint of the servants' presence removed. Perhaps on this account the conversation was more general and animated; the news gathered in the morning's excursion was detailed; rather graphic sketches drawn of some of the neighbors who had been seen at the "meet;" and some good stories told by a Mr. Hammond, a perfect impersonation of those "remarkable" (American) books, "The Percy Anecdotes." After luncheon came the post, and letters or papers occupied the next hour and a half, when walking or driving was proposed, and chosen according to individual taste. I had promised to join Portia in an excursion she seldom omitted—that of visiting the village poor; and as the other guests dispersed till dinner-time, either to their rooms or to take exercise, we stole away, and were soon in the prettiest part of the adjacent village.

"It is fortunate," she said, "that I can get away from our visitors to-day. If my sister were not staying here, I could not well manage to leave them all; and I wish you to go to see poor Betty

Morris; she remembers you, and often asks for Miss Julia, as she persists in calling you."

"I shall be delighted to see her. And my half-witted friend Parrot, how is he?"

"Quite well. He has lately adopted the character of Marston herald, and on Uncle Henry's accession to the baronetage, went through the village informing the people that Mr. Montrose was no longer to be called Mister; but having become a *knight-barrowknight*, was to be styled "Sir Henry." On reaching old Dame Perridge's cottage, however, with the intelligence, she "snubbed" the unfortunate king-at-arms, telling him that she always had called Mr. Montrose "Sir," and that she would not call him by his Christian name to please nobody.

Talking thus of the humble tenants, who were felt for and cherished by the young lady of Marston as if they had been members of the family, we reached Betty Morris' cottage. The old blind woman welcomed us with affectionate pleasure, and confided her few simple wants to us—one being the addition of a bit of wood to make her door shut close—with perfect and pleasing faith in their relief; then she told us of several sick families near, and thither Portia carried the contents of a large basket, into which, I have forgotten to say, she transferred the remains of sundry little delicacies after the guests had left the luncheon-table.

It was twilight ere we again found ourselves before the library fire, round which a number of ladies had congregated to enjoy the refreshing cup of tea which in such houses always precedes dinner. This may be an absurd fashion, but it is a very comfortable one, and we shall always uphold it, against even the high authority of a great physician, who denounces it as injurious. Coming in from a cold drive or walk, how it warms one's chilled fingers! and then it renders the party very sociable and good-tempered. On this especial occasion there was a charming little bit of news to discuss over the cups; a messenger had arrived, during our absence, from the residence of the married son of our host, to announce the birth of a daughter, and the ceremonies attendant on the entrance of a baby into this busy world were talked over and anticipated. Portia and I enjoyed the prospect of the sitting-up visit, being equally fond of babies and caudle, and the dressing-bell rang some minutes before any of the party heeded its warning. With the exception of a little more attention to Portia on the hussar's part, and something resembling a flirtation between the Lily and the Pilgrim, the second evening at Marston Manor drew to its close much as the preceding had done, leaving us under the impression that chateau life in England is far preferable to the idle waste of time, and fatiguing gayety of the season in London; and that, amongst their tenantry, or in the pursuit of simple and rational amusement, the English gentry still preserve much of their ancient character, softened and improved by the refinement of modern civilization. But this, I trust, will be brought better out by and by.

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J. Q. ADAMS.